ARK 1938

THE LIVING AGE

FILE

The World in Review

FAILURE TO PURGE

In This Number:

Hippogriff to Italy — *Wickham Steed*

Letters to a Japanese Poet — *Rabindranath Tagore*

Westward the Course of China — *W. H. Donald*

Those Wretched Intellectuals — *Joseph Goebbels*

Revolt in the Sahara — *Frank C. Hanighen*

Britain, What of the Night? — *André Siegfried*

Map-Makers Hate Hitler — *Keith Rogers*

Hsiao-hsiao (A Story) — *Shen Ch'ung-wen*

The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
Books Abroad — Notes and Comments — Miscellany

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WICKHAM STEED'S provocative article on Mussolini's views and aims is based on a thoroughgoing knowledge of European and specifically Italian affairs. His acquaintance with Mussolini himself dates as far back as twenty-one years—and it has taught him the complete inefficacy of the appeasement policy. [p. 109]

FRANCE'S colonial empire may well be the test case for the future solution of colony troubles. In 'Revolt in the Sahara,' Frank Hanighen, well known interpreter of international affairs, attributes much of the present difficulties in the colonies to the fact that the democracies have failed to win the native element over to their side. [p. 113]

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Paris-Soir* gives us some interesting information about radio warfare. He tells us about the stream of propaganda poured out by the totalitarian States, and the attempts of the democratic States to counteract it. [p. 119]

RABINDRANATH TAGORE is still the greatest living poet in present-day India. Yone Noguchi is his Japanese counterpart, though he is much less of a universal figure than Tagore. The recent correspondence between the two men on the elementals of the war in 'Asia for Asia' was widely read and quoted in the Far East. [p. 122]

No one writing on China today can fail to take cognizance of the profound influence upon the Generalissimo of his closest adviser, W. H. Donald. In an article entitled 'Westward the Course of China,' this man, who rarely puts down his ideas in writing, gives a revealing account of the great work of reconstruction now under way in the Western provinces of China. [p. 128]

Our third piece in the 'Oriental Panorama' deals with the beauteous land of Siam, ruled by the youthful and beloved King Ananda. But there, too, things are not entirely peaceful. Extreme nationalism, economic penetration, a real or imagined Japanese threat, are matters which worry the Siamese authorities today. [p. 130]

ONE of the many books written lately about the current problems of the refugees was praised above all others when it recently appeared in England. It was written by Libby Benedict, the young author of 'Requiem to a Worker,' a little sketch which shows the same subtlety that distinguished her book. [p. 139]

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED, eminent French historian and author of *America's Coming of Age*, discusses England's rôle as the world policeman. M. Siegfried has always been an admirer of English institutions, and it is his claim that England's decline will be a misfortune for present-day civilization, for there is no other Power worthy or able to carry on. [p. 148]

IN RESPONSE to his article 'Those Wretched Intellectuals,' Reich Minister Goebbels received a flood of letters asking him to state more specifically which group of intellectuals he was singling out. Goebbels replied that he was referring to leading personalities in commerce, industry, the financial world, in the administration —in short, to all people responsible for the formation of public opinion. At the same time, he tried to give the impression that opposition existed only among these groups, and not among the masses as

(*Continued on page 200*)

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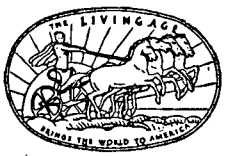

April, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4471*

The World Over

AS WINTER WANES, the shadow of Fascism slowly but implacably lengthens over Europe. In England, the fear-psychosis that was played up so successfully on the eve of the Munich crisis has not by any means been allowed to die; rather, in subtle and devious ways it is constantly being revitalized. In London a terror of air-raids is being carefully nurtured, as witness the bomb shelters now being distributed to every householder. Gradually it is being impressed on the public mind that any 'appeasement,' any sacrifice of national honor and integrity is better than war.

It is possible that these sacrifices will bring about the 'peace in our time' that Mr. Chamberlain so wishfully murmurs about. But what of that peace? Will it be the peace that now prevails throughout Germany and Italy; a peace made up of persecution, loss of individual liberty, bitter regimentation and economic insolvency? From a humane point of view it is more than possible that such a 'peace' will in the long run prove more intolerable than the bloodiest of wars. It is the terroristic tyrannies of this type of peace that in the past have led to revolutions.

The supporters of Chamberlain and Daladier, however, claim that the opposite of this is true; and that it is only the desire to avoid revolution that prompts the present political plans of England and France.

It would seem, then, that the faith of the Chamberlain group in the great mass of English people is not a strong one, that Messrs. Daladier

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and Bonnet are equally dubious about the temper of the French people. Economics is the excuse used for the promotion of the Fascist-Nazi ideologies, but the practicality of this system is another matter. It has yet to prove itself in Germany and Italy.

MEANWHILE THE POLICE FORCE in England is being staffed with Public School men sympathetic with the present government, and force is being used more and more to batter down Left wing and the more liberal demonstrations against the Chamberlain appeasement policy. Even more significant is the recent raising of the 20-year-old unemployment question which Chamberlain now hints is to be cured by a plan to place all the idle on a semi-military basis. This was revealed early in March when Chamberlain dropped an unmistakable remark that a modified form of Hitler's drastic labor camp subsidization of industry and the passage of laws under which any citizen can be forced to do any work the State thinks fit may be adopted.

As in the United States, unemployment has become one of the most vexing problems of the Government. Never at any time since 1918 were fewer than 1,000,000 people unemployed in Britain and at present the figures show that there are 2,000,000 jobless there. Addressing a group at Blackburn in the depressed Lancashire area, Chamberlain revealed his disturbance at the spectacle of unemployed men who would not attend 'instructional centers' and were thus defeating the efforts of those who were trying to help them. Indicating that he is contemplating publicly introducing a Government plan which has been cubbyholed for an occasion when 'recession' swelled the ranks of unemployed men to dangerous figures, the Prime Minister said:

'It was never the intention that social service insurance schemes (Government Relief) should encourage deliberate idleness. I am not prepared to say *now* what the plan is.'

But the plan is known as the 'No Drill, No Dole' scheme of Special Areas Commissioner, Sir George Gillett, who advocates that unemployment assistance should be conditional on an undertaking to attend an instructional center or physical fitness class organized by the Ministry of Labor. This would provide for physical training, but not of a military nature. But it is plain that the men will be 'conditioned' for army service.

In France, too, there has been an increasing trend toward Fascism, with the police for the first time in many years authorized to use force against demonstrators opposed to the present 'appeasing' Government. In some circles this has been interpreted as a move on the part of the Axis to create an internal war in France, turning Right and Left against each other, on the principle of the Spanish Civil War.

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WITH 'WAR WITHIN A WAR' unexpectedly turning Spain topsy-turvy by mid-March, when the Communists rebelled against peace overtures of the National Government with General Franco, the omelet that was Spain emerged crisply burnt, and the Munichization of the Mediterranean was advanced that much further. Meanwhile, the cause of Loyalists was irretrievably hurt by the Communist action, which showed extremely stupid engineering. While a poll in the United States some time ago showed that the Americans were overwhelmingly on the side of the Loyalist Government, from May, 1937, to January, 1939—according to the U. S. State Department, Americans donated $2,129,552 to the Spanish cause, of which, however, $474,121 was expended for administration expenses and propaganda—the balance of sympathy was overturned almost overnight. The unnecessary bloodshed caused by the rebellious Communists against peace clearly showed Americans the self-centered doctrines of Moscow, and the Loyalist cause was almost completely abandoned here.

Meanwhile, 30 nations have recognized the Franco régime, and as this is written, the United States is preparing formally to acknowledge the new Spanish Government. Exactly what the future holds for Spain cannot be determined. The victory may be Franco's, on the face of winning a war, but it is almost positive that he has lost Spain entirely.

ITALY IS CERTAIN TO DEMAND a far greater slice of the Spanish market than she has ever had before. For example, the preponderant automotive imports before the civil war were from the United States, France, Britain, Canada and Germany, in that order. But present-day Italy is fully geared to sell Spain between 3,000 and 6,000 cars annually, which was the approximate number bought from all the aforementioned nations in 1934. Dr. Guarneri, the Schacht of Italy, will also demand preferential treatment in the case of sewing-machines, hitherto supplied Spain by Britain, as well as an exclusive market for printing, paper-making, electrical and other machinery. Since the conflict has exhausted the country's cash reserves, these exports that Italy will demand must be paid for by barter agreement, and that which Italy specifically desires henceforth from Madrid is chiefly lead and copper (together with other mineral wealth), wool, hides and potash salts. In 1934, Italy received a minimum of these Spanish exports.

So far as German demands are concerned, the situation is somewhat different. To the London export-import community, it is clear that the Reich is less concerned today with finding a market in Spain than she is in getting a preponderant amount of Spain's mineral exports. It is foreseen that Mussolini and Hitler, Franco's allies, may soon be in serious conflict over their respective shares of Spain's remaining wealth, despite

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the affectionate, rococo tone of the notes they exchange from time to time. Italy has no less need of Spain's pig-iron than Germany, but the latter country thus far has received much more than Rome. In 1937, for example, the Reich bought 310,540 tons from Franco Spain, an annual import in this one commodity that was increased to 1,000,000 tons last year. Similarly, the Reich increased its imports of wine and olive-oil from Spain, which did little to make relations between Hitler and Mussolini more pleasant, since Italy feels that Germany has no reason to buy from Spain two of Italy's basic exports.

The Italian point of view, with respect to the Spanish trade position now that the conflict has virtually ended, has been summarized by Dr. Guarneri recently in a preface to an economic survey. 'If Spanish commercial policy follows the line logically suggested by present events [*i.e.*, the Republican defeat], Italian exports should succeed in supplanting British and French exporters in the supply of various types of machinery,' he writes. 'Spain should learn that the Italian industry is fully capable of supplying all its needs, and should abandon certain preferences which have been rendered out-of-date by Italian progress.'

Chancellor Hitler can scarcely be expected to agree unequivocally with this kind of economic wishful thinking.

THAT A PSYCHOLOGICAL CLIMATE similar to that of the month leading up to Munich is again arising in Europe, in this instance with respect to Switzerland and the Netherlands, is the belief in Paris and London circles that are proverbially well-informed. Germany is applying economic and diplomatic pressure on Berne. And so is Italy, which is making attractive overtures to her nationals living in southern Switzerland. In the past year there have been other signs of this, of course, but not as openly as now. In the Reich view, two-thirds of Switzerland's population (speaking German) must be 'coördinated'—that is, if these Swiss are not immediately to be preëmpted into the Reich, they nevertheless must be now brought to feel that their loyalty is to the Fatherland, not to the tiny republic. As experience has shown, that is the initial Nazi step in a technique that leads eventually to plebescite, Anschluss and complete domination. The last stage is that which Czecho-Slovakia is undergoing now.

The same thing is occuring in the Netherlands, where the anti-Nazi sentiment is stronger and more articulate than in Switzerland. The chief point of interest is that already England and France are cautiously sounding out each other as to what the other would do in the case of a German invasion of the Netherlands, or an invasion of Switzerland. French Foreign Minister Bonnet is privately quoted in London as saying that his feelings toward the government of the Hague are exceedingly

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platonic. But from Paris comes a report, for which there are also credible grounds, that if Germany starts looking for a pretext to seize a slice of the Netherlands, the French will push for an international commission to settle any territorial controversy. That was the so-called 'solution' of the Munich Pact.

If this may be believed, the conclusion is inevitable that France and Britain have no more intention of succoring the Netherlands or Switzerland than they had of rescuing Czecho-Slovakia.

TERRORISM IN SHANGHAI may well lead to serious complications as reports continue to come from the 'Paris of the Far East' of increased tension between the Powers. A clash between United States marines and Japanese gendarmes in the American defense sector of Shanghai in the middle of March brought to the fore once more the danger of Americans not heeding warnings of their State Department to cease meddling in dangerous areas—for it is an open secret that American residents in Shanghai have been harboring terrorists against Chinese favorable to Japan. Friction has increased with the findings that American mission property too often is used as an asylum for assassins and bomb throwers.

Meanwhile Post Office officials continuously find grisly packages containing severed human hands or heads addressed to the Chinese elders who have tried to make peace with the Japanese. The Shanghai Municipal Council, this year headed by an American, C. S. Franklin, has thrown barbed wire around the International Settlement. The morning after the wire was first erected, the fence was decorated with the heads of three Chinese, one a woman, who had been slaughtered overnight by the terrorists. Ever since the Japanese marched into Shanghai, the international city has been in a constant turmoil. To understand the situation in Shanghai, it is relevant to explain what Shanghai is.

This great metropolis, which joins the East and West, comprises an enormous city sprawling farther and wider than Chicago. It is divided among three Administrations, without any tangible physical dividing line to show where one ends and another begins. There is, thus, a French city known as the French Concession in which live 50,000 foreigners and 500,000 Chinese; the International Settlement with 50,000 foreigners, including Americans and British and 950,000 Chinese; hugging these is the Native City, responsible to Nanking, where 2,000,000 Chinese dwell. These two million are now under the virtual control of the Japanese. The French and International Settlements are divided by a Boulevard bearing successively the names Edward VII and De Foche, but there is no discontinuity. The only change is the police uniforms—sikhs in the Settlement and Tonkinese in the Concession. The division of the police administration in the three independent entities hampers all earnest

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action to run down terrorists. In the time the French Concession police take to obtain warrants from the International Settlement police and the time required by the International Settlement police to get authorization to search from the Chinese police the terrorists can easily take flight and duck from one section to another with ease. The extra-territoriality laws of the French Concession and International Settlement have long been used by the Chinese as a protection against them in their various plottings. Thus, during the many long years of Chinese civil war the leaders of the various factions would be living, perhaps as neighbors next door to each other in one or the other foreign areas, and conducting their campaign on the battlefields by means of short wave radio. Nobody could touch them and for many years now the Chinese have been agitating for the elimination of extra-territoriality as a safeguard against revolutionary elements.

A SEVERE BLOW TO THE FASCIST THREAT of penetration into South America was dealt early in March when the United States and Brazil concluded a trade agreement designed to strengthen economic and political relations. Effective immediately was an extension by the Export-Import Bank of $19,200,000 in acceptance-credits, freeing an equal amount of Brazilian-held foreign exchange. Still to be approved by Congress is a $50,000,000 gold-reserve fund to establish a Brazilian Central Bank. The United States–Brazil good-neighbor pact, which is to stimulate the flow of trade in both directions, was signed on the same day that it was revealed General Franco had his plans drawn for repossessing Puerto Rico. This definitely placed Franco in the Rome-Berlin Axis, despite his averred intention not to allow Berlin and Rome to dictate to him. The demand for Puerto Rico, of course, was absurd, but it went to show which way the wind blew.

The pact will encourage Brazil to make more use of its rich agricultural resources and will help to create a United States source of supply for essential commodities that cannot be profitably produced here. More important, however, the pact is a victory for the good-neighbor policy and the forerunner of similar agreements with other South and Central American countries. Next on the agenda for similar assistance from the United States are Chile and Argentina. Bidding for the Chilean trade is Germany, which was reported on March 9—the same day the United States–Brazil pact was initialed—to have offered a loan for $2,500,000 which the Chilean Government would use to develop production. This bid was counteracted by a secret offer from the United States to extend $2,000,000. Three days earlier, two confidential deals with Yankee-hating Argentina, one of the most Fascist-minded of all the South American states, were reported under way by the Export-Import Bank.

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The amounts involved were said to be $1,000,000 for the purchase of United States railroad equipment for a Government-owned railway, and $2,000,000 for a privately-owned power plant.

THE AMERICAN LOAN TO BRAZIL was the biggest blow to the Fascists yet dealt in the Western Hemisphere. It recalled the New Year's message broadcast to the nation by President Getulio Vargas, in which he warned—or not too subtly hinted—that Brazil, a country of great resources but sparse population, could easily become the prey of imperialistic nations. Communists and Integralistas at different times in recent years have tried to bring about the fall of the present régime. Their efforts have usually been nipped in the bud, but the danger remains.

Assistance for these attempts, financially and even with arms, has been generously rendered by countries which have big colonies in Brazil and there is no reason to believe that they will not continue such activities, if they can. Italians predominate in São Paulo; and Germans have flocked by the thousands into the three southerly States of Parana, Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catherina. In these days of Nationalist aggression, it is not unnatural to fear that, singly or collectively, these sons, or grandsons, of totalitarian States might easily become a menace.

To counteract this, the Brazilian Government introduced measures which, if primarily aimed at suppressing the spread of Nazism, have affected all foreigners. One of the first steps was a compulsory closing of German schools in the South. This may have been a wise precaution but a serious shortage of Brazilian teachers prevents the reopening of the schools under Brazilian supervision. It is recorded that when 500 young men from the State of Catherina were recently called up for military service in accordance with the law, not one spoke a single word of anything but German—and yet not a single one of them had ever been outside Brazil.

One thing is certain—that President Vargas is fully alive to what is going on in and out of Brazil and intends at all costs to make his country safe from outside aggression.

BOLIVIA, MEANWHILE, IS LOOKING AHEAD to a bright future, with little political dissatisfaction among its 3,200,000 inhabitants. There, Nazism, Fascism and Communism have made little progress, although Bolivia, in common with all other nations, has within her borders individuals and groups who are potential exponents of every shade of political belief. It is worthy of note that, while these groups have not been broken up by force, nor the freedom of expression taken from the individual, there is very little discontent among them.

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This is accounted for by a well-planned, comprehensive and sane program which has taken into consideration the needs of all classes. The policy of the Government, according to Jaime Gutiérrez Guerra, the Bolivian Consul in New York, is that of moderate Socialism, avoiding the theoretical, utopian schemes of the extreme Left as well as the selfish, reactionary ideas of the extreme Right. Capitalistic endeavor is therefore not only retained but is encouraged where it is obviously operating for the common good. Bolivian socialism does not follow, and must not be confused with the ideology of any international group. It is typically Bolivian, designed with regard to the peculiarities of the Bolivian people, geography and economic conditions. Every effort has been made to bring about a harmonious and profitable relationship between all classes with special emphasis on the problem of capital and labor.

Working entirely within the framework of new, progressive ideals, much has been done to make Bolivia a family of people working for the common good of the State without subjugation of the individual to this ideal. Reactionary elements have given up many privileges which they formerly considered to be their rights. In recognition of this, many passionate extremists of the Leftist opposition have moderated their stand to conform to that of those who believe that mild measures, intelligently applied, will bring the greatest good. The result is that Bolivia is coming into an era of amity and order in which much will be accomplished for national reconstruction and advancement.

AS THE FINAL PAGES of this issue go to press, Hitler's overnight conquest of Czechoslovakia has already taken place. Even Prague itself resounds to the tramp of marching Storm Troopers. And the echoes of that Nazi march of conquest rumble forebodingly in the chancelleries of Europe. In England, Prime Minister Chamberlain finds it increasingly difficult to explain his policy of 'appeasement.' It may well be because 'appeasement' is the wrong word—for the policy of the Chamberlain group now appears more definitely to be one of sabotage—sabotage to the long cherished principles of democracies.

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Mussolini's view of Europe—interpreted by one of England's best journalists.

Hippogriff *to* Italy

By Wickham Steed

From *Contemporary Review*
London Independent Monthly

NOW and again in my day-dreams I mount *l'Ippogrifo*, the winged courser familiar to lovers of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, cleave the air between England and Italy and, descending in 'large spirals' on to the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, dismount, pass by magic through roof and walls and, seating myself in Mussolini's chair, thence survey Europe and the world. Though my qualifications for this exercise are slight—I have only met Mussolini once, in April 1918, four and a half years before his 'march' on Rome in a sleeping-car—I had the privilege between 1897 and 1922 of fairly constant intercourse with some of the leading statesmen, diplomatists and writers of modern Italy. From them I gleaned a notion of what they believed Italy's abiding interests to be; and it is in the light of those memories that I survey Italy, Europe and the world from Mussolini's chair.

It is against a background colored by some knowledge of Mussolini's record as 'Duce,' that in my day-dreams I survey the world from his chair. From this point of vantage I see that four of the Great Powers which stood against Germany in the War are no longer in league with Great Britain and France. Japan and Italy are in league with Germany. The United States is unattached. Soviet Russia, after the sacrifice of Czecho-Slovakia by France and Great Britain, holds aloof and is cold-shouldered. I see that the aim of Germany, with the help of Japan and Italy, is now to encircle the Western Powers so as to confront them with the danger of war on several fronts and, if possible, to separate London from Paris as a prelude to the complete encirclement of Great Britain. This latter aim now seems farther from fulfillment than Germany and Italy may have thought it not long ago.

I look back over the events of the past few years and strike a balance between achievements and hopes. The first notable achievement was the con-

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quest of Ethiopia. Though Ethiopia is still a liability rather than an asset, its conquest in the teeth of League opposition and of a Britain willing to wound yet afraid to strike gained for Italy immense prestige throughout Africa, to some extent in Asia and certainly in the Arab world. Besides, together with the strategic roads from Eritrea and Ethiopia toward the Sudan, Libya may be an effective pincer when it comes to the ultimate show-down with Great Britain. Meanwhile, Libya serves equally as a means of pressure upon Tunis; and thanks to the conquest of Spain—by Italian and German intervention in the name of non-intervention—France will have to think twice before she makes good her boast that she will give up 'not an inch' of territory to Italian demands.

II

None the less, in Mussolini's chair, I feel one or two misgivings. I seem to hear him musing thus:—

> My conquest of Spain was, of course, the sequel to my conquest of Ethiopia. I might never have got Ethiopia if I had not wheedled Laval into making his agreement with me in January, 1935, or thereafter wheedled the British into making the Hoare-Laval agreement. The Hoare-Laval agreement, too, nearly caused a split between London and Paris, which was all to the good. The money I spent on the French press at that time was well spent. Hitler stood by me then and helped to make my gamble less of a gamble. Only, of course, I had to agree to let him have Austria one day, and to plant himself both on the Brenner and uncomfortably near Trieste. Still one can't make omelettes without breaking eggs, and my Spanish *tortilla* may turn out to be a very big Mediterranean omelette indeed.

A good deal may depend upon the way I manipulate those gullible British. The Chamberlains are really a godsend. When I was nearly down and out in 1924 after the miserable Matteotti had to be put out of the way, Austen Chamberlain came to pat me on the back and brought me into the Locarno Agreement. Neville Chamberlain, too, is grateful to me. I got *him* out of a hole at Munich with my formula, which Hitler and I had settled in advance between us. So he was able to take home 'peace with honor' and 'peace for our time' and to sign his paper with Hitler. Also he promised to come to see me in Rome—and kept his promise, though I tried him pretty high.

Whoever expected me, I should like to know, to bring my non-intervening legionaries out of Spain before I had made quite sure that Franco's victory was complete—political as well as military—and before Hitler and I have tied up France so tightly that she won't be able to wriggle? I *must* stay in Spain. How can I clear out and leave Spain entirely to Hitler who has already sent far too many men there for my liking? Still, he and I are in the same boat and must sink or swim together. One of the things I really cannot understand, though I am no fool, is that the British and some of the French do not see this. I can't get away from Hitler, even if I would. If Fascism goes, Nazism may go, and *vice versa*. Besides, there are always Balbo, Grandi and their intrigues, with the Court behind them, ready to trip me up.

So I have to keep my wits about me. Hitler may not know that I am informed of all the cross-currents in his own Nazi party and especially in the Reichswehr. I know that in his talks with his party chieftains at Munich in December there was a fairly strong current in favor of leaving me in the lurch as soon as Germany should have got what she wants in the southeast and the east of Europe.

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These fellows seem to think they can keep me on the string, and get me to cover Germany's flank while she goes ahead, and that I shall be satisfied with promises that somewhen, somehow, Germany will help me to deal with France. I am not that sort of nincompoop.

I mean to cash in on Hitler's promises before, not after, he goes ahead; and then we shall see whether his 'leave-Italy-in-the-lurch' gangsters will talk quite so big. Hitler, at any rate, knows he can't do without me—not yet, or for many a day. Chamberlain may think he can buy me off from Hitler with vague offers—for he did not say exactly what price he would pay. Nor did he twig that his offers help me to keep Hitler in line. And with Hitler on the Brenner my price would be too stiff for the British. Hitler sat upon his 'leave-me-in-the-lurchers' at Munich, and has sat upon them since.

For the moment I feel pretty safe. True, Chamberlain now says England will stand by France; but having said it, he can tell the French to be nice to me without riling them. True, too, that the British and the French are rearming; and the United States is nasty. But what can they do? They will never get together against me; and if Hitler and I are skillful, the British and the French will have to give me something. One of the best things Hitler did on January 30th was to smash the stupid pretext that Germany cannot be given colonies because they would be of strategic value to her. Strategic objections, he said, are an attempt to deprive Germany of her rights, and a nation of 80 millions will not be deprived of its rights. It is precisely because colonies have strategic value that we and the Germans want them.

When we have got them, we shall soon show the use we can make of them. We shall make Britain and France sit up!

At this point I awoke from my daydream in Mussolini's chair, passed once more magically through the walls and roof, remounted *l'Ippogrifo* and sped back to England. As my winged courser flew over Corsica and across the Gulf of Lyons, I got glimpses of the Spanish coast and understood more clearly what the cry for 'Tunis, Corsica, Nice!' might mean. I felt that it is not seriously meant for today, but very seriously for tomorrow. What I could not understand was why we British had been so swift in 1936 to put an embargo on the purchase of arms and war material by Government Spain, or the ensuing policy, if policy it can be called, of 'non-intervention' as a screen for the Italo-German conquest of the Spanish peninsula. I knew that German guns surround Gibraltar on the land side, and grin at the Rock across the Straits.

I knew, too, that German airdromes have been planted along the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees, and that some thousands of German 'technicians' have been busy on Franco's side for two years. Further, I knew that a mysterious German force—originally called 'E.K.S.,' which might stand for 'Expeditionary Corps Spain'—had been recruited from the regular German army, trained last year at Döberitz near Berlin, then stationed in Southern Carinthia, before going to Italy either on the way to Spain or to Libya, or to be brigaded, as 'stiffening,' with Italian troops on the frontier of France. I was aware that the first instalment of this special German force consisted of about 100,000 trained men, with another 100,000 in reserve, that it had been re-named 'Reichs-Kolonial-Korps' or 'R.K.K.,'

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and that its formation had been explained to Reichswehr and Black Guard officers as a military and political necessity. This necessity, the explanation ran, arose from the expediency of employing German troops on fronts outside Germany in the coming war with the Western Powers. The new German colonial troops would serve this purpose. They must therefore be accustomed beforehand to the terrain on which they would have to operate in Italy, Spain and elsewhere.

III

Knowing these things and suspecting that our Government knows them too, the British policy of 'appeasement' seemed to me increasingly mysterious—unless, indeed, its only object be to gain time for the completion of British rearmament. Yet, even so, I could not see how any prospective degree of British rearmament could easily replace the 1,500,000 men of the Czecho-Slovak army, its fortifications, its aircraft and its great arsenals which 'appeasement' had sacrificed in September. Something seemed to be wrong somewhere. Here were two effectively insolvent States, Germany and Italy, building up huge armaments on internal credit, and exposing Great Britain and France, who are still semi-solvent, to what may become an intolerable strain upon their own financial systems. Of the two insolvent States, Italy was the weaker. Yet we had relieved her burden in Ethiopia by recognizing her conquest, and her King as Emperor, and had helped to ease Mussolini's position in Spain by declining to give countenance or encouragement to the lawful Spanish Government.

The conclusion I drew as I returned from my day-dream excursion to the Palazzo Venezia was that the sooner we stand firm, in deed as well as in word, the better. Mussolini, like Hitler, understands only one kind of argument—firmness, with adequate strength behind it. It is true that the Italian people and the German people do not want war. Mussolini knows it; Hitler knows it. But it is truer that the German and the Italian peoples will have no say in the matter if Hitler and Mussolini push their threats to the point of war.

The only way to save those peoples, and our own, from war is, I am convinced, forthwith to show that we will yield nothing, nor will we advise France to yield anything, to threat of war; and that we take our stand not on the defense of this or that territory or strategic position, but on the principle which we have so long trampled underfoot—that until lawless violence ceases to be the rule in international affairs, those who follow this rule, and spurn both human right and democratic freedom, must reckon with our unflinching resistance.

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An article by a well-known American journalist dealing with colonial unrest in the French empire is supported by the resentful letter of an African native.

Voices *from the* Colonies

I. Revolt in the Sahara

By Frank C. Hanighen

FRANCE is having colony trouble. The Italian demands for Tunisia have brought to the surface French imperial problems which have hitherto passed unnoticed by the world. Native unrest throughout the French Empire against French rule has now moved into the spotlight of world news. Indeed, what happens in French possessions in the next few months may indicate what will happen to all colonial possessions. As Tunisia goes, so may go all empires.

While Italy has made much of the Italian minority in Tunis, it is the Arab majority that presents the real problem. These natives (to be strictly accurate, they are Berbers, not Arabs, but their Mohammedan religion makes them part of the international Islamic movement) have been caught in the great wave of Pan-Arabism which has swept the Near East and North Africa. They are now in a state of considerable social ferment. It is noteworthy that Arab nationalists demonstrated, and were thrown into jail for their pains, during Premier Daladier's visit to Tunisia this winter.

French exploitation of the country lies at the base of this ferment. While Tunisia is technically a 'protectorate' of France, there is no real safety valve of self-government and a Resident-General administrates a typical colonial dictatorship. The French Government 'protects' the country by selling French goods there duty-free, while it levies high tariffs against Tunisian goods sold in France. It also protects such French corporations as the Société de Phosphates Tunisiens, which paid 25 per cent dividends last quarter. Under such a régime, Tunisia has suffered severely during the present world depression. Drought, also, in this arid land, has proved a scourge for the mainly agricultural popula-

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tion in the past five years. The French have not bothered to spend enough money on irrigation to provide relief. These economic conditions are the main cause of the present unrest. If, says an Arab proverb, the belly were full, the head would not be so hot.

II

The focal point of the 'trouble' is the Neo-Destour Party. It draws its strength mainly from young men—many of whom studied law, medicine, or education in France and who covet jobs in the civil service which are now reserved for the French. Its aims are admittedly independence and a democratic constitution. The directing genius of the movement is M. Bourguiba, who has shown cleverness not only in marshaling the youth of the middle classes but also in playing up the anti-foreigner feelings of the masses. Unlike the old Destour Party, Neo-Destour favors active and vigorous means—direct action and force, if necessary, to gain their ends. The party was officially suppressed in April 1938. Since then it has enjoyed a very active life underground, directed by M. Bourguiba from his prison cell. It is rumored, but not definitely established that its leaders have received financial aid from Germany and Italy.

One recent development in Africa gave this movement a great impetus. Egypt in 1937 won from Britain its new status as a self-governing Power. Films of King Farouk swearing to be faithful to the new Constitution—the Destour—have drawn huge crowds in Tunisia. The word 'Destour,' of almost sacred significance in any Mohammedan country, and the fact that Egypt enjoys legendary prestige among Moslems as a land of milk and honey combined to inspire Tunisians with a renewed desire for independence. 'Egypt is now free; why not Tunisia?' they said.

This Arab unrest is not confined to Tunisia. It has invaded Algeria where the Independence Party enjoyed the talents of a very resourceful and popular leader—Messali Hadj. The French made the mistake of turning Messali into a national martyr by arresting him and throwing him into prison. His followers claim that he is languishing in a dungeon, chained hand and foot, his hair, eyelashes and eyebrows shaven off. Morocco, where the French have never quite succeeded in pacifying the wild tribes, has also displayed grave symptoms of popular unrest. There the leader of the Moroccan nationalists, Hallal El Fassi, has been arrested and deported to an especially unhealthy region in the Congo where, his followers insist, he is faced with almost certain death. The two big nationalist movements of North Africa—Star of North Africa and Moroccan Action—have been officially suppressed.

Down in Senegal, no organized movement expresses the desire of the Negro to be free of white domination. The desire, however, exists and finds outlet in strikes, disorders and riots. It is nourished by the characteristic evils which appear whenever the white man bears his imperial burden: forced labor, seizure of native lands, heavy taxes to make the native work for white planters and trading companies, and military conscription.

Everywhere in the French as in the British Empire the tide of native feeling against foreign domination has

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been rising. Outside of Africa, natives of Madagascar, of Pondicherry (one of the French enclaves on the coast of India), Syria and Indo-China are demanding freedom. M. Emile Faure, a Senegalese Negro, is President of the Rassemblement Coloniale, an organization which tries to coördinate the work of the various independence movements in the different parts of the French Empire. He has long been carrying on propaganda and agitation with the purpose of winning freedom from French rule for his race. But the despotic powers of the French colonial governors, who have effectively suppressed freedom of the press and assembly, have rendered his efforts unsuccessful.

III

Paradoxically, it was the Popular Front Government which both gave new life to these movements and at the same time tried to suppress them. French Socialists, in fact, helped in the framing of the platform of the Neo-Destour Party in Tunisia. It was Blum who started negotiations for Syrian autonomy. The occupation of the factories in Paris in the first days of Blum's government inspired strikes in the cotton mills in far-off Pondicherry, and the new Leftist régime gave the signal to a few liberal officials, scattered here and there throughout the Empire, to relax restrictions upon the natives.

The cracking-down process—even though the Premier was a Socialist—immediately followed. At Pondicherry, the strikers were fired on by troops and 150 workers were killed or wounded. Trade unionists, protesting against the suspension of one of their members in the Tunisian phosphate mines, were also fired on, with 17 killed and 34 wounded. In Morocco, French troops killed scores of peasants who had organized to obtain relief from the drought. The *Moroccan Socialist* complained that 'tribes are raided as in the days of Charlemagne.' At the request of business interests, the Government reëstablished forced labor in French West Africa—after a previous reactionary government had suppressed it! In Indo-China journalists were imprisoned for reprinting articles actually published in the French organs of the Popular Front. Emile Faure, therefore, by no means exaggerates when he says that conditions under the Popular Front 'far from being alleviated, have grown worse.'

This policy, however, cannot be entirely laid at the door of the Left wing of the Popular Front. Right-wing elements of the Popular Front obtained the appointment of various reactionary governors, like Peyrouton. Besides, colonial administrators inherited from former conservative régimes were responsible for much of this repression. But in general the Popular Front has tended to subordinate all reforms—at least, in the colonies—to the international fight against Fascist dictatorships. The Socialists and Communists asked the colonial peoples to wait for reforms until the Socialists and Communists obtained complete control of the Government and until the 'Fascist aggressors' were stopped. This policy enjoyed meager popularity among the natives, whose leaders felt that the Popular Front had betrayed them. Whereupon the Popular Front followed the argument to the logical conclusion: it branded native leaders

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who proved recalcitrant as 'Fascist agents' and the repression of these leaders received Leftist sanction in France.

Since the Leftist press has coöperated with this line—while the Rightist press has simply continued its usual policy of suppressing news about native movements—the true picture of colonial conditions (both in the British and French Empires) has been almost completely kept from the French public. The writer witnessed a typical instance of this at the international congress of the Rassemblement pour la Paix in Paris in July, 1938. At one session, Pandit Nehru vigorously denounced the bombing of Indians by the British Air Force. Although his speech was the biggest sensation of that session, not a single Left paper reported it. Nor, of course, did the Right papers. The Popular Front 'line' thus includes protection of other imperialisms as well as the French. Its direct result is a virtual censorship of the whole press on the subject of colonial policy.

Here lies one of the most vital weaknesses of the front of 'democracy against Fascism.' It has already contributed heavily to one of democracy's most humiliating defeats—that of Spain. The Spanish Popular Front, which looked for aid from France, and yet clung to its Moroccan territory, refused the request of certain democratic and civil rights which Moorish delegations demanded before the outbreak of the civil war. Señor Vicens, the noted Spanish educator and adviser to the Republican Government, let the cat out of the bag in an interview in March, 1938. He said, 'The Republic would have granted autonomy to Morocco readily, long ago, except that France would not permit it. France was fearful of the effect on her adjoining African colonies. We were bound to France by a spirit of coöperation.'

Franco was able to exploit this situation. He played on the Moors' desire for liberty and dramatized the civil war for them as a fight between 'The Crescent and the Cross.' He promised them that when he won, he would establish Cordoba as the capital of a new Moorish Empire. The Moors, thus encouraged, enlisted by the thousands in the Franco army and proved the most enthusiastic—perhaps the only enthusiastic—elements under his command.

The Leftist elements in the democracies—particularly the Communists—have abdicated their former rôle as the leaders of native colonial movements. Obviously, this situation transcends in importance all aspects of Leftist strategy. The democracies have left the gate open to the Fascists in the colonies. Through this open gate have entered the Nazis and the Fascists, expert revolutionists, to exploit the growing native ferment. With propaganda, subsidies and arms, they have rendered material help to native movements, particularly in North Africa and the Near East. They alone give comfort to the native leaders who demand 'independence now!', while agitators from the democracies can only say: 'independence later, when Fascism is defeated.'

In this respect, the 'democracies' suffer from a handicap—perhaps fatal—in the present world struggle for power. Native leaders, in truth, want domination from neither Nazis nor democracies. They simply want their independence. Since the democ-

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racies will not give it to them, they feel justified in taking help from their opponents. The failure of the democracies to win to their side the native colonial elements may spell not only the collapse of the fight against Fascism but the end of the empires of the democracies as well.

II. Letter from the Cameroons *

(Extract from a letter by a Cameroon Negro member of the League for the Defense of the Negro People, who was arrested for correspondence with the League and exiled to Gabon. He has disappeared since the dispatch of this letter.)

AS FAR as the Cameroons are concerned, one must admit that the older generation prefers Germany to France, but we younger people prefer France. Nevertheless, in view of the deeds done by the French in their colonies, we are forced to agree with the older people.

For my part, I like neither France nor Germany. I want independence.

All our old people have now forgotten the blood which Germany unjustly spilled in the Cameroons during the Great War. They think of nothing but gin and rum, which they can buy freely. They forget the pointless executions by the Germans of our leaders and chieftains, such as Samba, a Boulou of Ebolowa—a man who had studied in Germany—and a good officer of the Kaiser, who was murdered by von Haige, nicknamed 'Mendom;' or Vibala and Maduala, two Batangas of Kribi, who were hanged at Ndoa by the same von Haige; or Douala Manga, king of the Southern Cameroons, who was killed at Douala, his native village; to say nothing of countless executions of unknown commoners.

They forget the massacres which took place in the regions of Kribi and Edea, where armed German police daily killed hundreds of Mabeas and Batangas in the bush. They forget their little children who were drowned in the River Tschenque—and the old people who were burned alive in their huts! Ah, the Negro soul!

As for the young ones, who ask to be governed by France, they forget the judicial crimes of the French. They forget the exile and banishments, which are worse than death. Then you are torn with anguish, when you are lonely and full of sorrow, far from your family. Finally you die, away from your own people, and your corpse is thrown into a ditch.

They forget the death of the Sultan of Bamou, Ndjoa, who was exiled to Yaounde, and soon died of a broken heart. They forget Ebanda Phillippe and Jacques Minkouai condemned without proof by the Douala tribunal to 10 years of banishment for theft. They forget Mienam Mana, brother of the Chief Manguele Mana, unjustly condemned and later assassinated in prison by a regional guard acting on the instructions of Police Commissioner Gerboin, who ordered the prisoners to be maltreated. They forget how a certain district superintendent in the same region ordered the killing of all mad dogs, and then compelled the prisoners to eat their flesh. They forget that the family of the great chief Ndele at Ebolowa was scattered

*By courtesy of the League for the Defense of the Negro People.

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throughout the Cameroons, all their goods were seized, and their houses sold. Ndele himself was exiled to Douala, where he died in prison. The sentence was pronounced by Martin, District Superintendent, whom the good God punished—about a month after the sentence he died suddenly.

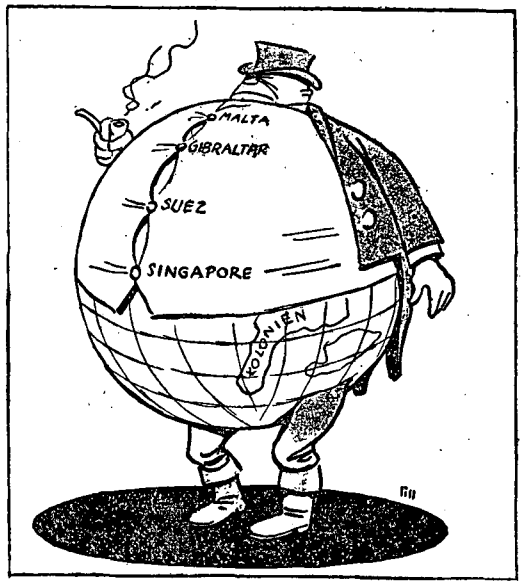
Have they forgotten that liberty, equality and fraternity do not exist in the colonies? That the Negroes are not allowed to eat in the hotels, and that the natives are denied the right to travel second-class on the railroads?

Ah! Would that I were a bird, so that I could seek out those places where my Negro brothers are free, as in Liberia or South America, to say nothing of our dear Ethiopia, which has been betrayed by all the white nations.

Dear compatriot! I write these few lines because I have often read the false reports scribbled by the chieftains of the Cameroons and Togoland. We don't want the Germans, who have killed a great part of the population of our country, and who would do it again if they became our masters. Neither do we want the French, who are always unjust to us. We don't want anybody. We want to be independent —that is our cry. Although this cry is stifled by those who are stronger than we, it expresses our earnest desire.

Let them not try to pass our country from hand to hand; it belongs to us; the white man is a stranger here, and he knows it. If he does not, the day will come when he will be forced to recognize it. Every man should be master of the land where his ancestors are buried.

As Germans See Britain



Schwarze Korps, Berlin

A little bloodletting won't do this fellow any harm!

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The three great democracies have a hard time fighting Fascist radio propaganda.

Mars Rules *the* Air Waves

By JACQUES MEEGEREN

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

'ALLO! Allo! Radio-Corse Freedom Station speaking. France is persecuting us!'

Lately, people listening to the radio in Southern France have frequently come across violent anti-French propaganda. It comes over waves whose lengths vary from day to day. The phantom broadcasting station might be in an adjoining foreign country, or aboard a yacht in the open sea, or perhaps in an automobile riding along the coast.

Radio warfare has been going on for a few years now, for it is a weapon that the States in the four corners of the earth find most useful. It is followed with particularly breathless interest by the inhabitants of the totalitarian countries, where the news is relentlessly censored. Six countries today are battling for the mastery of the ether: four totalitarian ones, Germany, Italy, the U.S.S.R. and Japan, and the two democracies, Great Britain and the United States. The war goes on on four fronts and its character changes according to the needs of the listeners.

The first and the most interesting front is in Central Europe. On the one side there is Germany, helped by Italy, and on the other, the U.S.S.R. Each is desperately trying to drown out the other's propaganda and establish its own.

In both countries, propaganda has been put on an official basis and issues directly from the government. The methods are identical: release of false views, suppression or delay of information, wrong interpretation of texts. A great deal of money has been spent on the construction of transmitters with short, ultra-powerful waves. Russia has built a whole chain of them along the Western frontier. More powerful and more modern than the Zeesen and Daventry type, they broadcast in German and in Italian. Similar broadcasts, but in Russian, are now being planned in Germany.

Meanwhile, Germany defends herself against the Soviet broadcasts by

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'jamming the wave bands.' She has set up radios whose only purpose is to drown out the others by records, whistling and static, on the wave of the same length. This does not always succeed. Sometimes a broadcast can be heard at a certain distance, skip what is called a 'dead zone' and be again audible a few hundred feet away, so that there are always German listeners who are not at all bothered by the static.

A few years ago the German Government had an idea of monopolizing the listeners' attention by making them buy the *Volksempfänger*, or the People's Radio, with waves of certain lengths only. The attempt has failed completely. The manufacturers grumbled at being forced to sell the type of radio on which they did not make profits. The listeners, dissatisfied by the too small scope of their apparatus, have gradually come back to the other kind, on which they can listen to short-wave broadcasts of more accurate news.

In Germany there are many so-called phantom transmitters that broadcast against the Government. The Communist Party there has not ceased its activity. Its traveling illegal station, operating on the wave length of 29.7, has given much trouble to the German authorities. The radio police, aided by a great number of official listeners throughout the Reich, have been trying to determine the whereabouts of the station. It was known that the broadcasts came from a moving car, which made any attempt to track them down extremely difficult.

A member of the Communist Party explained to us the way the broadcasts were worked. The transmitter, he explained, was in an automobile. The aerial is of the so-called 'directed' type, that is to say, it sends out waves in one direction, and by turning the aerial, which is on top of the automobile, and so changing the direction of the waves, the operators throw the pursuers completely off the track. For further safety, the automobile with the transmitter is accompanied by two other cars, a few hundred feet in front and in back. Each of those cars has a small transmitter and the minute there is any sign of danger, the main car is warned by several signals, whereupon it withdraws its aerial and the three cars part company and drive off in different directions. The broadcasts are stopped for a few days and later reappear in another locality.

II

In Russia, the problem of phantom radios is made even more difficult because of the extent of her territory. The broadcasts made by the stations of the so-called 'Secret Opposition' are particularly interesting. During the months of April and May of 1938, there was one very active station working on a wave length of between 25 and 31, which began every broadcast with the words: 'Stalin, your days are numbered. Your victims will revenge themselves.'

After some time, the broadcasts stopped. When they began again, their tenor was somewhat different: 'We ask our listeners' pardon for having discontinued our broadcasts. This was due to the arrest of several of our comrades. Their trial will be another proof of Stalin's cowardice. Cease your murders, Stalin, before it is too late.'

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All radio experts of the border countries have been trying to locate these broadcasts. Warsaw reported that the station is probably located in the West of Russia and has a mobile transmitter. Riga suggested that the broadcasts came from Central Russia. Kaunas thought that the broadcasts came from the Ukraine, probably around Kiev. The technicians of the Tallinn station in Estonia have established that the broadcasts must come from the western frontier of Russia, not far from Rumania. These two last reports coincide with the recent rumors about Germany's activities in the Ukraine. It is the opinion of the Soviet authorities, however, that they come from the Italian station, I. R. F.

The broadcasts come not only from land but also from the sea. Many of them come from the boats navigating in the North, the Baltic, the Mediterranean and Black Seas. There, too, the discovery of the 'gangster of the air' is made practically impossible by the mobility of the broadcasting station. One of the broadcasts coming from the Baltic Sea contained the following words: 'Soldiers of the Red Army, point your guns at the official platform during the next review before the Kremlin. Your action will put an end to the sufferings of the Russian people.' This came from the direction of Lithuania.

Not only anti-Communist propaganda, however, comes from this region. Another broadcast from the same locality upbraided the German Government, saying: 'German people, how long do you intend to remain a nation of slaves? Jews, Catholics and Protestants are the victims of the Nazi violence. *Deutschland, erwache!*' A piquant note in this broadcast was the use of the Nazi motto, '*Deutschland, erwache!*', against the National Socialist régime.

In Asia Minor and in Africa, the second front of radio warfare, the enemies are Great Britain and Italy, each of whom has vital interests in this part of the world. Italy has found the strained relations between England and Palestine very advantageous in her aim to wean the Near East away from Great Britain. She is now constructing seven new short-wave stations to be used for propaganda in Africa and in Palestine. With these, the number of Italian stations used to spread Fascist propaganda in the Mediterranean will come up to thirty. In retaliation, Britain last January began regular broadcasts from London to the Near East and Africa, in Arabic, and went so far as to distribute hundreds of free radio-sets throughout Islam. Under the Anglo-Italian Agreement formulated last April, Britain and Italy agreed not to use 'invidious propaganda' against each other, but this has not substantially affected the violent tenor of these broadcasts in Arabic.

III

Japan and the U.S.S.R. are carrying on war on another front, in the Far East. The Japanese have been putting considerable effort into their propaganda, which comes from Tokyo, Nazaki, Dairen, Shinkyo and other cities. It finds only feeble opposition in Siam, Indo-China and the Dutch Indies. In China, however, Russia is putting up considerable resistance. Japanese broadcasts are made under the slogan of 'Asia for the Asiatics.' Russia answers with 'Fight for free-

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dom! Don't allow yourself to be overwhelmed by greedy and ambitious Japan.'

A great obstacle to the spread of radio propaganda in the Far Eastern countries is the poverty of the inhabitants, few of whom can afford to have radios. Recently, the following satisfying solution has been arrived at. Soviet and Japanese agents have installed receiving sets in the public buildings of principal cities. In this way, hundreds of passersby are exposed to the Communist doctrine, or the Japanese ideas. Of course, Soviet radio propaganda, which was not very effective before the 'Incident,' enjoys a much greater favor now with the majority of the Chinese population.

The last front is in South America, whose markets have long been the object of the ambitions of Germany and of the United States. Every day, carefully arranged programs from both sides are broadcast in the Latin American countries. Germany's attitude has caused the United States, apart from current efforts in this direction, to consider further the possibility of constructing a State-owned transmitter, whose task will be to combat German propaganda in South America. With that act, the United States will officially enter into radio warfare with Germany.

It is possible that France, which, her colonial responsibilities notwithstanding, has been singularly backward in the field of radio propaganda, will be forced to correct her deficiencies in that respect and attempt to hold her own in the radio war going on around her.

Radio-Paris, as a matter of fact, may soon be the world's most powerful broadcasting station. Tests have begun on a power of 450 kilowatts—compared with 80 kilowatts, as at present—and this may be increased to 600 kilowatts, and even to 900.

A new station, which will broadcast on the same wave length, as the old Radio-Paris, is being built at the little village of Allouis, near Bourges, Central France.

The object of the extra power is to permit broadcasts to places far distant, notably North Africa and Central Europe.

Hello, Hello, Whale Speaking!

For centuries Norwegian whalers were faced with the problem of losing whales after they had been harpooned. The Norwegian Telefunken Company has now provided a simple solution of this problem. A small radio transmission set, fastened to a lance, is hooked into the body of the animal. This set emits at certain intervals a radio signal which can be picked up by the radio direction finder of the whaling ship.

—*De Telegraaf*, Amsterdam

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Two Asiatic poets exchange letters on the 'Incident;' Chiang's Australian adviser charters a new course for China; something of the happy land of Siam.

Oriental Panorama

I. From Poet to Poet

Correspondence between Rabindranath Tagore and Yone Noguchi

From the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, Santiniketan Literary Publication

Tokyo
July 23, 1938

Dear Rabindranath,

When I visited you at Santiniketan a few years ago, you were troubled with the Ethiopian question, and vehemently condemned Italy. Retiring into your guest chamber that night, I wondered whether you would say the same thing of Japan, if she were situated like Italy.

I perfectly agreed with your opinion and admired your courage, when in Tokyo, 1916, you censured from a public platform the Westernization of Japan. But if you take the present war in China for the criminal outcome of Japan's surrender to the West, you are wrong; it is, I believe, the inevitable means, terrible though it is, for establishing a great new world in the Asiatic continent. It is the war of 'Asia for Asia.' With a crusader's determination and a martyr's sense of sacrifice, our young soldiers go to the front. The war is not for conquest, but for the correction of China's mistaken ideas and for the uplifting of her simple and ignorant masses to better life and wisdom. Borrowing from other countries neither money nor blood, Japan is undertaking this tremendous work single-handed. I do not know why we are so terribly blamed by your countrymen for our heroism and purpose.

Some time ago the Chinese army, defeated in Huntung province near Hwangho River, had, in a madness of despair, cut the river banks; not able to check the advancing Japanese army, it only caused three hundred thousand people to drown in the flood and destroyed one hundred thousand village houses. Defending the welfare of its own kinsmen or killing them—which is the object of the Chinese army, I wonder? It is strange that such an atrociously inhuman conduct did not become a target of condemnation in the West. Oh, where are your humanitarians who profess to be

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guardians of humanity? Are they deaf and blind? Besides the Chinese soldiers, miserably paid and poorly clothed, are habitual criminals and an everlasting menace to the honest hard-working people who cling to the soil. Therefore the Japanese soldiers are followed by the latter with the paper flags of the Rising Sun in their hands; to the work of soldiering we have to add that of relief. You can imagine how expensive this war is for Japan.

Today we are called under the flag of 'Service-making,' each person of the country doing his own bit for the realization of idealism. There was never before a time in the whole history of Japan when all the people, from the Emperor to a rag-picker in the street, were so well consolidated and of one mind. And there is no more foolish supposition than that our financial bankruptcy is a settled thing if the war drags on. Since the best part of the Chinese continent is already on friendly terms with us, we are not fighting with the whole of China. Our only enemy is the Kuomingtang government, a miserable puppet of the West. If Chiang Kai-shek wishes a long war, we are quite ready for it. Five years? Ten years? Twenty years? As long as he desires, my friend.

The Japanese poverty is widely advertised in the West, though I do not know how the rumor was started. But the Japanese poverty is as much of a fabrication as China's riches. There is no other country in the world where money is as equally divided among the people. And even if we were poor, we are trained to stand the pain of poverty. Japan is very strong in adversity.

We are saving every cent and even making good use of waste scraps. Since the war began, we grew spiritually strong and true. There is nothing a young man finds hard to accomplish. Yes, Japan is the land of young men, and according to nature's law, the old must retire while the young advance. Behold, the sun is rising, begone, all ye sickly bats and dirty vermin!

China could very well avoid the war, of course, if Chiang Kai-shek were more sensible. Listening to an irresponsible third party from the distant West, thinking too highly of his own strength, he turned at last his own country into the ruined desert that it is today. It never occurred to him for a moment that the friendship of the Western countries was but a manifestation of their monetary interest in his country. And it is too late now for Chiang to reproach them for the faithlessness of their words of promise. For Chiang sold his country to the West for nothing, and tainted his skin with the crime of Westernization. Dear Rabindranath, what will you say about this Chiang Kai-shek?

Dear poet, today we have to turn deaf ears to the lesson of freedom that may come from America, because the people there have already ceased to practice it. The ledger-book diplomacy of England is too well known through the world. I am old enough to know from experience that no man is better than others, and no one country worse than others. Though I admit that Japan is today ruled by militarism, a natural state in the present condition of the country, I am glad that considerable freedom of speech and action is allowed to one like myself. Japan is fairly liberal in spite of

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war. So I can say, without fearing to be locked up, that those service-crazy people are drunk, and that the one thing in the world that is great and true, because of its connection with the future, comes from him who withdraws into a snail's shell for the quest of life's hopeful future. He will be in the end a true patriot, worthy of his nation.

Yours very sincerely,
Yone Noguchi

Santiniketan, Bengal
September 1, 1938

Dear Noguchi,

I am profoundly surprised by the letter that you have written to me: neither its temper nor its contents harmonize with the spirit of Japan which I learned to admire in your writings and came to love through my personal contacts with you. It is sad to think that the passion of collective militarism may on occasion helplessly overwhelm even the creative artist, that genuine intellectual power should be led to offer its dignity and truth to be sacrificed at the shrine of the dark gods of war.

You seem to agree with me in your condemnation of the massacre of Ethiopia by Fascist Italy, but you would reserve the murderous attack on Chinese millions for judgment under a different category. But surely judgments are based on principle, and no amount of special pleading can change the fact that in launching a ravening war on Chinese humanity, with all the deadly methods learned from the West, Japan is infringing every moral principle on which civilization is based. You claim that Japan's situation was unique, forgetting that military situations are always unique, and that pious war lords, convinced of peculiarly individual justification for their atrocities.

Humanity, in spite of its many failures, has believed in a fundamental moral structure of society. When you speak, therefore, of 'the inevitable means, terrible though it is, for establishing a great new world in the Asiatic continent'—signifying, I suppose, the bombing of Chinese women and children and the desecration of ancient temples and universities as a means of saving China for Asia—you are ascribing to humanity a way of life which is not inevitable even among the animals and would certainly not apply to the East, in spite of her occasional aberrations. You are building your conception of an Asia raised on a tower of skulls. I have, as you rightly point out, believed in the message of Asia, but I never dreamed that this message could be identified with deeds which might rejoice the heart of Tamerlane. When I protested against 'Westernization' in my lectures in Japan, I contrasted the rapacious imperialism which some of the nations of Europe were cultivating with the great heritages of culture and good neighborliness that went into the making of Asiatic and other civilizations. The doctrine of 'Asia for Asia' has all the virtues of the lesser Europe which I repudiate and nothing of the larger humanity that makes us one across the barriers of political labels and divisions.

I was amused to read the recent statement of a Tokyo politician that the military alliance of Japan with Italy and Germany was made for 'highly spiritual and moral reasons' and 'had no materialistic consider-

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ations behind them.' What is not amusing is that artists and thinkers should echo such remarkable sentiments that translate military swagger into spiritual bravado. In the West, even in the critical days of war-madness, there is never any dearth of great spirits who can raise their voice above the din of battle, and defy their own warmongers in the name of humanity. I still believe that there are such souls in Japan, though we do not hear of them in those newspapers that are compelled at the cost of their extinction to reproduce their military master's voice.

'The betrayal of intellectuals,' of which the great French writer spoke after the World War, is a dangerous symptom of our age. You speak of the silent sacrifice and suffering of the poor people of Japan and take pride in betraying that this pathetic sacrifice is being exploited for gun running and invasion of a neighbor's hearth and home. Holding such opinions, as many of your intellectuals do, I am not surprised that they are left 'free' by your Government to express themselves. I hope they enjoy their freedom. Retiring from such freedom into 'a snail's shell' in order to savor the bliss of meditation 'on life's hopeful future,' appears to me to be an unnecessary act. I cannot accept such separation between an artist's function and his moral conscience. The luxury of enjoying special favoritism by virtue of identity with a government which is engaged in demolition of all salient bases of life, and of avoiding, at the same time, any direct responsibility through a philosophy of escapism, seems to me to be another authentic symptom of the modern intellectual's betrayal of humanity.

I know that one day the disillusionment of your people will be complete, and through laborious centuries they will have to clear the débris of their civilization wrought to ruin by their own war lords run amuck. They will realize that the aggressive war on China is insignificant as compared to the destruction of the inner spirit of chivalry of Japan. Faced by the borrowed science of Japanese militarism which is crudely Western in character, China's stand reveals an inherently superior moral stature. And today I understand more than ever before the meaning of the enthusiasm with which the big-hearted Japanese thinker Okakura assured me that *China is great.*

Yours sincerely,
Rabindranath Tagore

Tokyo
October 2, 1938

Dear Tagore,

Your eloquent letter inspired me to write you once more.

No one in Japan denies the greatness of China—I mean of the Chinese people. China of the olden times was great with philosophy, literature and art. Under Chinese influence Japan started to build up her own civilization. But I do not know why we should not oppose the misguided government of China because of the old debt we owe her people. Nobody in Japan ever dreams that we can conquer China. What Japan is doing in China is only, as I already said, correcting the mistaken idea of Chiang Kai-shek; on this goal Japan is staking her all. If Chiang comes to his senses and extends a friendly hand, the war will be stopped at once.

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Having no proper organ of expression, Japanese opinion is published only seldom in the West; and real facts are always cleverly hidden and camouflaged by the Chinese who are born propagandists. They are strong in foreign languages, and their eloquence never fails, while the Japanese are always reticent, even when the situation demands explanation. From the experiences of many centuries, the Chinese have cultivated an art of speaking; and being always encroached upon by the Western countries, they have had to depend on diplomacy to turn things to their advantage. Admitting that China has completely defeated Japan in foreign publicity, it is sad that she often goes too far, and plays tricks.

Believe that I am second to none in understanding the Chinese masses who are patient and diligent. But it seems that you are not acquainted with the China of corruption and bribery, the China of war lords who put money in a foreign bank when their country's very existence is at stake. So long as the country is controlled by such polluted people, the Chinese have only a small chance to create a new China. They have to learn, first of all, the meaning of honesty and sacrifice before even dreaming of it. It is for this new age in Asia, that Japan is now engaging in war. We must have as our neighbor a country that is strong and true, and glad to coöperate with us in our work of reconstruction. Only this do we expect from China.

Japan's militarism is a tremendous affair, no doubt. But if you condemn Japan because of it, you fail to notice that Chiang's China is far more military than Japan. China is now mobilizing seven or eight million soldiers, armed with European weapons. It is true that either from cowardice or being ignorant of the reason why they have to fight, the Chinese soldiers show a poor spirit at the front. But this lack is no excuse for Chiang's militarism. For the last twenty years Chiang had been trying to arm his country with the aid of Western advisers; and these Western advisers were mostly from Italy and Germany, the countries with which you are so impatient. If you must condemn militarism, that condemnation should be equally divided between China and Japan. Seeing no atrocity in China, you are speaking about her as an innocent country. I expected more impartiality from a poet.

You called my attention to the 'modern intellectual's betrayal of humanity.' One can talk any amount of idealism and take pleasure in belonging to no country. But in sharing patriotism equally with the others, we are trying to acquit the duty of our birthright, and believe that it is never too late to talk Heaven when the immediate matter of the earth is arranged.

Supposing that we accept your advice to become a vanguard of humanity, leave China to her own will, and save ourselves from a 'betrayal of the intellectuals,' who will promise us the safety of Japanese spirit that we cultivated for thousands of years, under the threat of Communism across the fence? We don't want to barter our native land for an empty name of intellectuals. No, you musn't talk nonsense! God forbid!

I wonder who reported to you that we are killing innocent people and bombing their unprotected towns. Far

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from it, we are trying to do our best to help them, because we have to depend on them for coöperation in the future, and because Bushido commands us to limit punishment to a thing which deserves it. It was characteristic of our Japanese soldiers that the famous cave temples of the 5th century in North China were saved from savage rapacity of the defeated Chinese soldiers. And if those institutions and art, admittedly immemorial and irreplacable, had ever been destroyed, it was but the crazy work of Chinese soldiers, who wanted to leave a desert to Japan.

Believe that I was never a eulogist of Japanese militarism, because I have many differences with it. But as a Japanese, I cannot help accepting what Japan is doing now under the circumstances, because I see no other way to show our minds to China. Of course when China stops fighting, neither grudge nor ill feeling will remain in our minds. Perhaps with some sense of repentance, we will then proceed together to the great work of reconstructing the new world in Asia.

Yours sincerely,
Yone Noguchi

Santiniketan, Bengal
October, 1938

Dear Noguchi,

I thank you for taking the trouble to write to me again. I am flattered that you still consider it worth your while to take such pains to convert me to your point of view. It seems to me that it is futile for either of us to try to convince the other, since your faith in the infallible right of Japan to bully other Asiatic nations into line with your Government's policy is not shared by me, and my faith, that patriotism which claims the right to bring to the altar of its country the sacrifice of *other* people's rights and happiness will endanger rather than strengthen the foundation of any great civilization, is sneered at by you.

You must forgive me if my words sound bitter. Believe me, it is sorrow and shame, not anger, that prompt me to write to you. I suffer intensely, not only because the reports of Chinese suffering batter against my heart, but because I can no longer point out with pride the example of a great Japan. It is true that there are no better standards prevalent anywhere else and that the so-called civilized peoples of the West are proving equally barbarous and even less 'worthy of trust.' If you refer me to them, I have nothing to say. What I should have liked is to be able to refer them to you.

You complain that while the Chinese, being 'dishonest,' are spreading malicious propaganda, your people, being 'honest,' are reticent. Do you not know, my friend, that there is no propaganda like good and noble deeds, and that if such deeds be yours, you need fear no 'trickery' of your victims? Nor need you fear the bogey of Communism if there is no exploitation of the poor among your own people and the workers feel that they are justly treated.

If you can convince the Chinese that when your armies are bombing their cities and making their women and children homeless beggars, they are only subjecting them to a benevolent treatment which will in the end 'save' their nation, it will no longer be necessary for you to convince us of your country's noble intentions. Your

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righteous indignation against the 'polluted people' who are burning their own cities and art-treasures (and presumably bombing their own citizens) to malign your soldiers reminds me of Napoleon's noble wrath when he marched into a deserted Moscow and watched its palaces in flames. I should have expected from you who are a poet at least that much of imagination to feel to what inhuman despair a people must be reduced willingly to burn their own handiwork of years', indeed, centuries', labor. And even as a good nationalist, do you seriously believe that the mountain of bleeding corpses and the wilderness of bombed and burned cities that is every day widening between your two countries, is making it easier for your two peoples to stretch your hands in a clasp of ever-lasting good will? The cripple, shorn of his power to strike, may collapse, but to ask him to forget the memory of his mutilation, I must expect him to be an angel.

Wishing your people, whom I love, not success, but remorse,

Yours sincerely,
Rabindranath Tagore

II. Westward the Course of China

By W. H. Donald

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

WHAT becomes of the Chinese people in all the bombed areas? Thousands of them are blown to fragments, and those who die, to tell the truth, are fortunate in the sudden death that overtakes them, for thousands are maimed and live on with their terrible wounds, while millions more are made destitute and have to move from the ruins of their homes, their shops, their little factories. They take what they can on their backs or on barrows or any wheeled vehicles that they can use, their surviving babies being carried in baskets or piled on top of the salvaged household chattels. People in flight fill the highways and crowd the mountain trails, climbing like ants westward and farther westward, hoping to find immunity from raiders and safety from the tortures of war.

In these Western mountains there is some relief at this time of the year owing to the low cloud formations which constantly blanket the earth. So thick is the cloud layer that not even a 16,000-foot peak sticks through. Many times we have climbed through and traveled for hours over 18,000 feet of cloud, and that is too thick for bombers. There is an old saying in Szechwan that if the sun shines during the months of winter, the dogs bark at it in fright. The Szechwanese, and there are some 80,000,000 of them, pray to their gods that the dogs will have no temptation to bark while this war is on.

Into these cloudy Western provinces refugees are flocking by the thousands. Others elect to stay in the mountainous places of Shensi, Kiangsi, Hunan, Hupeh, Kwangsi and Kwangtung provinces. Those who come to Kwangsi, Kweichow, Szechwan and Yunnan are, as the result of their migration, filling up empty spaces and are constituting the foundation of

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what will certainly be a new China.

Hitherto all these provinces have been remote, inaccessible, except for difficult trails over high ranges or by way of the Yangtze River. The latter directly serves Szechwan river ports, but until recently travelers who wished to go farther rode in chairs or walked, and all cargo that could not be transferred to junks traversing smaller streams was transported, sometimes thousands of miles, on the backs of coolies, or mules, or diminutive ponies. I have seen strings of these little animals faithfully following their gaudily bedecked leaders, carrying salt from Szechwan, hundreds of miles from where they took on their loads. Coolies carry cargo to Lhasa over the giant ranges whose crests are hidden from sight by perpetual snow.

Now these Western provinces are all connected by motor highways, and there is a new way out and in through Burma. Railways, too, are gradually extending westward. Kweilin is now connected by an operating railway with the main line from Canton to Hankow, at Hengyang. From Hengyang another railway has been started toward Kweiyang, in Kweichow Province. Another railway is being built from the border of Indo-China at Langson to Nanning, in Kwangsi Province. If a railway can, by some means, be pushed in from Burma (as it should be if the British shopkeeper still has the stuff in him that made him famous), the whole of the Western provinces will be opened up.

II

There are magnificent mineral and agricultural resources to be developed. Yunnan has, as is well known, one of the world's largest tin deposits. It is rich in copper, iron, and coal. In Szechwan, gold is in great abundance. The upper Yangtze has been known for centuries as the 'River of Golden Sand.' The great beds of detritus brought down by the summer floods are worked for gold as far down as the west of the Wind Box Gorge. Out in the great mountains forming part of the Himalayas, which leap up from the foothills all along the western boundaries of Yunnan, Szechwan, and Kansu, there are gold deposits which some day are destined to astonish the world. In the Muli kingdom, west of Ningyüanfu, in southwestern Szechwan, gold is so plentiful that it can be washed in any stream. The Muli king pays all his 'tips' in packets of gold-dust.

Yunnan is said to be able to grow mulberry leaves better than any of the well-known silk-producing provinces near the coast. Szechwan is famous for its lush agricultural production. It harvests four crops every year; drought is almost unknown. Between Szechwan and Yunnan, in the West, are the vast potentialities of Sikong.

Sikong is almost inaccessible in the west and north, where there are great barriers of perpetually snow-clad mountains. It is, however, possessed of immense rolling grasslands reminiscent of the great wheat and grazing regions of Canada. A railway from Burma through Yunnan, running into or near to this region, will make it, as a Chinese publication puts it, 'a self-sustained reservoir of food and man power for continued armed resistance.' Now the direct approach is by motor-road from Kiating or Chengtu (in Szechwan) through Yachow, to the foothills near Kanting.

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Over a year ago work was started on a motor-road through the mountain to Kanting. Trade has, however, been going on for centuries, goods being carried on the backs of men and yaks.

The refugees who are finding their way into this great reservoir of human effort and future national greatness have among them many artisans and craftsmen. Some have brought tools with them, and those who could not will benefit by the Government's great efforts to transport machinery and workshop equipment from the areas in the East threatened with destruction. It is a common sight to see on the highways streams of vehicles, from donkey carts to trucks, piled with machinery, steadily and laboriously trekking westward through the mountains, with thousands of men, women, and children, most of them heavily laden, patiently trudging after them.

The outstanding feature of this great migration is the fortitude of the sufferers in their adversity. Natural calamities have bred in the blood and the bone of the Chinese race those powers of survival that enable them quickly to subdue and overcome the effects of appalling catastrophes.

Already in the West new life is appearing. There is an amazing growth of factories and other buildings for educational purposes. Universities and cultural institutions are now appearing in places in the West where little of the kind existed a year ago. Students, 400 of them, of the Nankai University of Tientsin found their way to Changsha, and walked all the way from there to Kunming—a forty-day tramp through endless mountains. Students of a military school also walked there all the way from Nanking, as well as crowds of boy and girl students from schools and colleges. Hundreds went northwestward to Yunnan, in Shensi Province, where they live in caves.

Japan has been responsible for a new outlook in China—and that outlook is westward. 'Westward the course of empire takes its way' was written of one empire. In her own West, China is destined to find the means for her rejuvenation, and time will tell the story.

III. Land of White Elephants

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

IN THE early nineteenth century the King of Siam built a tall five-towered pagoda across the river opposite his palace and covered every inch of the walls with his own and his subjects' spare crockery. Ornamental tiles and medallions jostle against dinner-plates and teapot-lids and form a distinctive and surprisingly beautiful whole. The Wat Arun dominates most views of Bangkok and seems to typify Siam. It is gay, ingenious, unexpected and somewhat fantastic, but in excellent taste for all its elaboration. To complete the symbolism, it is now dwarfed by three vast unpleasing wireless masts, which have never been in use.

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The chief social event of the Bangkok season is the Fair of the Constitution, when for a week the capital celebrates the document that officially ended royal absolutism in Siam, signed grudgingly but in great splendor by King Prajadhipok on December 10, 1932. Now, after some years of a tactful regency, Siam is unalterably a constitutional kingdom. The Siamese peasant, who first thought that this Constitution of which he heard so much must be a new-born son of the King, is beginning to understand its import. And this winter King Ananda Mahidol has been able to visit his kingdom.

A beflagged Bangkok waited to receive him. He arrived with his mother, his brother and sister and sailed up the river with an imposing naval and air escort. The din was tremendous. Ceremonial drums and trumpets and conch-shells announced the King's approach to the royal landing-stage at Bangkok, where King Ananda set foot on his native soil amid more enthusiasm and more noise than Siam had known for centuries.

The excitement showed the joy of the Siamese at having a king among them once more. But King Ananda has made it clear that he deserves it on his own merits. A king aged thirteen is romantic in theory, but in practice might easily be spoiled and difficult. The King of Siam lives up to the ideal. In private he is an eager, natural child. In public he combines admirable dignity with a suitable boyish diffidence; he is obviously happiest when his little brother can sit next to him. His charm is of the sort that can make itself felt by the crowd. During his visit his qualities have been fully tested in a program that might well appall older and tougher monarchs. King Ananda's only quiet hours were the two or so that he spent daily during this visit on his lessons —more for the sake of giving him a little repose than for increasing his knowledge.

After the King had officially opened the Fair, the tempo of festivity accelerated. Flags and bunting returned to the streets. Warships anchored up the river, looking curiously modern next to the temples on the banks and the houseboats and floating shops that throng Bangkok's many waterways. Booths sprang up round a great open space near the Grand Palace.

Throughout the following week smart Siam could be seen nightly wandering in the gaily lit fair-grounds, admiring the excellent modern sculpture and the not quite so good modern painting at the Palace of Art, or trying its skill at the rifle-ranges, or dancing at a dance hall whose décor was altered nightly to depict a different scene of Siamese mythology, culminating in the Seventh Heaven. Royalty *en masse* was present at the beauty competition, where Miss Siam was chosen from among simple country girls (no cosmetics permitted). The Prime Minister gave away the prizes at the fancy dress ball. His Britannic Majesty's Minister was judge of the golf competitions.

II

With the close of the Fair life grew quiet again. The Siamese could revert to their usual pleasures, such as to visit the cinema to see the usual range of American talkies or Siamese films that seem to be talkies till you notice high up in a gallery one man

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with an amplifier who alone provides all the voices and the sound effects and adds racy comments of his own. But there were still many functions to remind the citizens of Bangkok that the King was among them; and these continued until he set sail again for Europe, with the affection and best wishes of his people.

King Ananda's visit augurs well for his reign. Indeed, the superstitious can find only one serious cause for dissatisfaction. No white elephant has been found while he has been king. This is regrettable, for white elephants in Siam have not the unloved quality they possess in England. The Siamese white elephant is not really very white. It has certain pinkish-gray markings on its face and somewhat albino eyes. Every white elephant that is found must be sent to the King; and the King's prestige and good fortune are enhanced by the number he acquires. But only male white elephants count. They are made dukes and live in grand elephant-houses, with their names and titles inscribed in gold on the walls.

Female white elephants are allowed no such honors, not even the venerable lady, aged 128, who skittishly graces the royal elephant enclosure. The emancipation of women has gone far in Siam, but not far enough. There are only two elephantine dukes at the moment, a twelve-year-old belonging to King Prajadhipok's reign and one, of whom purists are a little doubtful, belonging to his predecessor. But we may hope that the occasion will soon arise for the creation of a new dukedom.

King Ananda has the advantage of never having known the old days of the autocracy; and in the meantime Prince Aditya and his fellow-regents have paved the way for a constitutional king by their wise and loyal coöperation with the Constitutional Government. Every one recognizes the value of a king as a symbol of national unity and a magnet for national sentiment. Siam is far better off with her royal child than she could ever be with the most distinguished of top-hatted presidents.

III

The casual onlooker receives a pleasant impression of Siam. There is certainly poverty. Next to the gorgeous pagodas and palaces you see the poor living in squalid huts and sampans (almost a third of the population lives permanently on the water). But the poverty is not misery. The Siamese peasant has few requirements in life, and those are easily and cheaply satisfied. The epidemics that used to ravage the land are being conquered by an efficient medical service. So long as the rice crop does not fail, all is well.

For the politicians things are not easy. The political development of Siam has been rapid but is still incomplete. The People's Party is the only politically conscious body in the country. It alone, therefore, can provide a Government. But the mere title of 'People's Party' does not create a democracy; the Government should depend on a popular Assembly. The Siamese people, however, are hardly ready for that. The leaders of the revolution feared that an unscrupulous king might soon, by making free use of the right of dissolution, acquire a Parliament that his prestige and influence would entirely dominate.

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They therefore arranged that for ten years only half the Assembly should be elected; the other half should be nominated by themselves and be irremovable. The result is not happy.

The present head of the Government, Luang Bipul Songgram, the Minister for Defense, is a man who was already its most forceful figure before the latest Cabinet reshuffle. By his personality and his abilities he dominates Siamese politics today. Under his control the Army, the Navy and the Air Force work in harmony. He is the founder of the Yuvajon youth movement, to which, incidentally, King Ananda belongs. As a constitutionalist with all the gifts of a dictator, he makes an ideal leader for modern Siam.

The most disquieting events recently have been two attempts to assassinate him. His death was clearly to be the first step in a *coup d'état* that would be the more effective because the young King was in Siam and could therefore be forced to accept its outcome. The world may be thankful that the murder miscarried. Though Luang Bipul's elimination might please a few malcontents, its consequences would be disastrous to Siam and probably to all southeastern Asia.

IV

At present, the keyword in Siam as elsewhere in the world, is nationalism. But here it takes various forms. Some irresponsible deputies preach currency restrictions and the boycott of all foreign goods, doctrines difficult to justify in a land whose currency is completely secure and whose trade balance is favorable. Some even wear their hair shaved to the scalp, so as to demonstrate how to avoid the use of foreign combs, that otherwise indispensable article not being made in Siam. Other patriots tirade against the Chinese, who conduct all the shopkeeping and much of the business of the country. 'The Chinese,' they say, 'are the Jews of Siam.' Others air Pan-Asiatic doctrines and extol the Japanese as the models of Asiatic imperialism.

The Government is more temperate. Nevertheless some of its actions have not failed to alarm foreign Powers. Siam is undoubtedly rearming. Her only neighbors are French and British territories. If she means them no harm, why is she enlarging her army, why building submarines? And what about those new gunboats from Italy? Quite recently a map was semi-officially published, showing Siam Irredenta, consisting of those Cambodian districts, including Angkor, some Siamese-speaking lands that she ceded to France about thirty years ago, and the four Malay sultanates whose suzerainty she soon afterwards gave over to Britain. Over it all looms the shadow of Japan. In Malaya and still more in French Indo-China lurid tales are told of the growth of Japanese influence in Siam.

A visitor cannot hope to discover the truth. Certainly Japan is deeply interested in Siam and is spending money there freely, particularly on the native press. And certainly Siam cannot afford to ignore Japan. If Japan is to become the dominant Power in southeastern Asia, if the Japanese are to be able with impunity to attack next the colonies of Britain, France, or Holland, then clearly Siam cannot afford to range herself in an opposite camp. There are economic

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considerations, too. The wealth of Siam comes largely from her export of rice to Southern China. If Japan is to control Southern China, Siam's markets will depend on friendship with her.

The educated Siamese have no pro-Japanese sentiments. As a very responsible personage said to me, 'We have no intention of becoming a second Manchukuo.' As for the strangely indestructible legend of the Japanese-made canal across the Kra Peninsula, a few months ago a hopeful American journalist toured wearily over every mile of the isthmus. He saw a road under construction, running from north to south, but of the canal or Japanese not the slightest trace.

V

Nor need the Western Powers be alarmed by Siamese rearmament. Siamese irredentism is empty talk. Members of the Government declare that it is hard enough to govern their present territory. But in the present world even the most neutrally minded State must be well armed; and further, a well-armed State is worth courting as an ally. There may be anti-European feeling in Siam, but it is not apparent in responsible circles. There it is still considered desirable to give the King an English education.

The Government's nationalist program includes anti-Chinese measures, but only in the mildest form. The vastly increasing numbers of Chinese in Siam do present a problem; yet were they all suddenly to be removed the country would be reduced to stagnation, if not to starvation. The Siamese do not take kindly to shop-keeping. They enjoy giving—no race is more exquisitely generous—but the pleasures of selling leave them profoundly indifferent. The Chinese, therefore, form a necessary part of their lives. The Government, while restricting immigration from China, is trying to educate in the Siamese a taste for commerce.

Most attractive in the nationalism of the Government is its interest in old Siamese traditions and encouragement of Siamese arts and customs.

The traditional theatre and the traditional dancing are eagerly kept up, though it seems to be difficult to induce boys nowadays to join the ballet school. There are attempts to produce plays that will combine the old dancing, miming and music with music and dialogue in the Western style. The results are not yet wholly successful; the idioms are too far apart to mix. The dancing is sufficient in itself, with its rhythmic suppleness, its delicate precision and its wealth of symbolism. Few arts can be more moving or more satisfying. It is an extraordinary experience to see the Apsaras carved on the bas reliefs of Angkor and then to watch their exact images living on the Siamese stage.

Such nationalism is wholly admirable; and it is all tempered by the national religion which gives a continual stimulus to the natural kindliness of the Siamese. This kindliness is felt by every visitor to Siam. Indeed, Bangkok should be the tourists' paradise, for you see there a gay ingenious people, with an old tradition embodying the arts and the fantasy of the East, with an eager desire for Western comforts and conveniences, and with the vitality that only independence can give.

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The burial of a worker who knew comradeship in death as in life.

Requiem *to a* Worker

By Libby Benedict

IT WAS the day before Yom Kippur, and Warsaw was streaming to the Jewish cemetery. On foot and in drozhkys, in taxicabs and streetcars. Women in shawls and women in astrakhan coats. Men with their feet wrapped in rags and men with their necks collared in furs. Girls dressed like caricatures of Parisian midinettes, with the darns in their thin silk stockings protruding out of their worn shoes. Children. God, yes—children . . .

Hurrying, they all still had time to haggle over the prices the ambulant florists were asking for wreaths.

Not only Jews came, but people of all kinds. The racial admixture in Poland has become very complicated during the centuries of crowding, recrimination and assimilation. The bodies that found their way at last to the Jewish cemetery had housed all kinds of souls—orthodox, atheist, liberal, assimilated, converted. And even more kinds were left behind to mourn them.

On the day before Yom Kippur all those who had any connection at all with a grave went to it. To good Jews, Yom Kippur is a holy burden. Most others—loudly though they may proclaim their disbelief—cannot quite escape a heightening sense of guilt and fear as the day approaches. The concept of a bogey-man God grows, and they try to look for ways in which to bribe him. The dead seem to be the most promising intermediaries. So to the dead they go—with wreaths and with wailing, with humility and with hope.

On that day the beggars of Warsaw come to the cemetery *en masse*. They line the paths, plucking at the sleeves of the passersby, whining into their faces or groveling wretchedly on the ground on emaciated or crippled stumps. If they were war-maimed, they would be otherwise cared for. But these—and they stand or squat two paces apart—are life-maimed, starved, condemned to perpetual shrunkenness by rickets, eaten away by scrofula,

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cut away by the gangrene of the war years.

From behind the trees and the gravestones comes the singing wail of the professional prayer-chanters, less crippled than the wretches who crowd the paths, but no less beggars and no less prone to turn their first pleas, charged with blessings for the goodness that is to be bestowed on them, into vitriolic curses of fury for the goodness that has been withheld.

Autumn in Poland is pleasant, and the day before Yom Kippur is almost always clear and sunny. The brightness is reflected from the thousands of tombstones, some in magnificent marble set high on the second layer of bodies (for the graveyard cannot be expanded outward and the authorities have permitted new graves to be laid on top of the oldest ones), and some crumbling to dust and covered with moss that catches and throws back the sunshine in a brilliant, frightening green of its own. And over the mélange of other sounds is heard the steady crunch, crunch, crunch of the passersby on the pebbled paths.

What a day for a burial! Even on ordinary days a Jewish funeral in Warsaw is a heartrending sight. The coffin is pulled along on a caisson; slowly behind it walk the mourners. But if it is a young person who has died, if parents or brothers and sisters are left to mourn, they cling to the back of the wagon, letting it drag them along, beating on it with their fists as if to arouse the dead, weeping loudly with a sound that seems to be more anger than sorrow.

But on this prologue to a holiday, the agony is worse. The mourners would have come to the cemetery to weep anyhow, now they have something immediate to weep about and they do it more loudly, as if to distinguish their mourning from the commemorative sounds around them.

II

Just about noon a procession arrived at the little chapel. An elderly woman and man walked arm in arm behind the wagon, the woman white and weak, the man trying desperately to be staunch. Their quietness was all the more striking because it was not what one would have expected from their appearance and their garb. The man had a beard—not a long beard, but enough of one to show that he had not left orthodoxy behind him. The woman, too, although she was swathed in the long black mourning veil that covers Catholics and Jews alike in Poland, showed by the peculiar bend of her body and the way she shook herself, even while walking, that long hours of prayer in the synagogue were not strange to her. A still older man and woman walked beside them, and it was from them that the loud wailing and exhortations came.

But behind the cluster of family, that followed immediately behind the coffin, a strange group marched. A militant group, their eyes front and their chins raised. Young people, most of them. Many plainly not Jews, but showing thin, blond Polish features. Some more obviously Slavs. And all of them close together and bound with some kind of inner unity that seemed to merge into an amalgam those differentiations of inheritance that usually breed such enmity in Poland. For the Poles are as resentful of Slavs as they are of Jews. The Russians took their resources away for centuries,

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they claim, and the Jews crowd them today and make sharing the little they have difficult.

None of that was visible here, and as the procession came to a halt, the stream of regular visitors to the cemetery stopped to look at the group at the end. Who were the members of this strangely mixed delegation? Employees? Schoolmates? Something unusual was happening here.

In and around the chapel itself more of the peculiar crowd was waiting. Older men and women, as well as young ones, but still representing all races and showing a deep kind of unity.

The unity of the working class—that was it. One could not mistake it now. It was the stoicism of the underdog that bound them together, the taut patience of the underpaid, the mounting militancy of resentment that was waiting to overflow.

Their comrade was dead—their Yosek Greenbaum. A professor of mathematics, if he had wanted to be, but a perpetual political prisoner by choice. Only three days ago he had come home again after having served a two year sentence. And this time the beatings and the pressure of prison life had broken him. He had jumped out of the window of his parents' home and been killed.

The crowd remembered his burning speeches, even though he never had much time between prison sentences to deliver them. Even those who had never heard him knew him from hearsay—how no group had been too small for him to address, no mind too simple for him to hold peer to his own, no worker too ignorant for him to accept in true comradeship.

They crowded into the small chapel like an iron rim around the family group. Dozens remained outside, peering in through the windows and clustered about the door. They were hatless. Some of the men did not have hats, nor did most of the women. Those who did have hats or caps held them in their hands.

III

Near the coffin loud weeping began. Greenbaum's mother cried aloud now, too, together with his grandmother. A few very old men were crying noticeably, but the father still remained quiet.

A rabbi arose, ready to say a few words of prayer. His broad-brimmed plush hat was set squarely on his head. Framed by it and by his black earlocks, his face glowed white. His long-fingered hands, too, from beneath the long black mohair sleeves, showed an unnatural pallor. For a moment he was as if lost in his thoughts, then the sight of the semicircle of workers crammed together around the walls of the room seemed to dawn on him. As the meaning of the vision cleared to his eyes, they began to burn, first with bitterness, then with hatred and fury.

'Out of here, you infidels!' he cried. 'This is a holy place. Out of here, you infidels! Where are your hats?'

Even those who did not understand him knew they were being castigated, and looked from one to the other inquiringly. Those who did understand whispered the translations where they could. But with or without understanding, the reaction had been immediate. They were used to attack. It did not matter from where it came; they knew only one way to receive it—

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by closer unity. They drew together so that actually they occupied less space and more of them crowded in through the door. Yet there was no belligerence in them. No one had said a word. The sadness on their faces had not altered.

The rabbi's fury had burned itself out with its own intensity. He looked down at the covered coffin and then at the strangers that surrounded him. His face was even whiter than before, his hands seemed to lift themselves of their own accord and to fall again, helplessly.

Quietly the dead man's father arose. His beard seemed to be glued onto a face that was also dead.

'I beg you,' he said to the rabbi. 'He was my son. He gave his life for them. Let them mourn him as they wish.'

The rabbi lowered his head for a moment, then began to pray.

'Father in heaven,' he said. 'Take him to yourself and judge him. He was full of humanity; it is not for us to judge what he did with it or how he brought it to an end.'

The women began to weep loudly again. But already the coffin had been lifted. Way was made for it, and for the family to come out. The others waited an interval and formed into haphazard but solid lines. The multiple crunch of their marching was like an army's, and those sounds of wailing and of begging that were not drowned out faded of themselves, while the makers stood silenced.

Death

By A. L. Morton

From the *Left Review*, London

Seek the goddess with floating hair,
Goddess of easy death.
She is not there.

Death today
Is the jackboot
And the broken face turning away.

Once there were white petals,
And the hand-scattered leaf,
And time for grief.

Once we could say:
'Death came like the hour
And whispered him away.'

Now death is a whip
Or nestles sullenly
On a leather hip.

There is this gain:
That fist and thought,
Growing together to an iron strength,
Must now tame death at length.

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Persons and Personages

Rumania's 'Strong Man' No. 2

By Jean and Jérôme Tharaud

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

THERE is no other man in Europe today whose life is more in danger than that of Armand Calinescu, who has recently been appointed the Premier of Rumania by King Carol. He is a small man, who looks somewhat like a sportsman, with a timid smile and considerable charm, which is not lessened by a black monocle over one eye (a nurse mistook acid for an eye-wash when he was four years old). Nothing in his appearance suggests an implacable Nemesis whose life's aim has been to exterminate the Rumanian Iron Guard, or whose pitiless single-mindedness has gained him the name of 'Man of Steel.'

His appointment as Premier after the death of Patriarch Cristea, who was nothing but a venerable figurehead, was regarded as a positive indication that King Carol was wholeheartedly in support of his anti-terrorist activities, and that any attempt at the revival of the Iron Guard will mean further stringent measures.

Members of the Iron Guard had sworn his death. His assassination was planned for January 6, and only the extraordinary vigilance of the police saved his life. The authorities learned that the conspirators had established ambushes at various points along the Minister's daily route, so that if he were missed at one, he would be shot down at another.

Who is this man who has inspired so much hatred? To understand him, one must go back five or six years. At that time the Iron Guard, accused of several assassinations, had been twice dissolved by Government decree, only to reform its ranks. The President of the Council, Vaïda-Voevod, had been indulgent to the idea that, in a country menaced by agrarian and labor agitation, a league of young and resolute men, both revolutionary and Conservative, could be used as a weapon against his Liberal adversaries. Unfortunately for the Iron Guard, there was in the Cabinet a diminutive Minister, obstinate and energetic, whose ideas differed from those of his Premier. To him, the Iron Guard was a symbol of disorder and violence, and Codreanu nothing more than a bandit-chief in the pay of Germany.

At that time Hitler had just seized power and National-Socialist propaganda was beginning to take root in Rumania, particularly in the region that once belonged to Germany. With reason, the Minister of the

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Interior feared that Codreanu, who resembled Hitler in many points—his German origin, his mysticism, his hatred of Jews and Communism—would one day lend an ear to German propaganda. Accordingly, and despite the pro-Iron Guard sentiment of the Premier, he tried in every possible way to put obstacles in Codreanu's way, arresting the members of the Party, having them make a tour of all the police stations and jails, at times using the third-degree on persons suspected of sympathy for Codreanu.

He did even more. One of the most efficacious means of Iron Guard propaganda was the creation of labor camps where students and peasants fraternized in some useful task, such as the repairing of a road or bridge, or the construction of a church—activities that were designed to enlist the peasants' support. One year Codreanu proposed to construct a dam to protect a few fields from the annual inundation by the river. Two teams of five hundred legionaries each were to perform this task, with Vaïda-Voevod's authorization. When the Iron Guard assembled to do their work, Calinescu dispersed them by means of the police, overriding the Premier.

It is quite possible that this audacious gesture centered attention on the weakness of the Government. In any event, it was overthrown, and during the following four years the Liberals were masters of the country. During those years Calinescu was in relative retirement. He showed his hand only when another reactionary Government came to power—that of the unlucky and somewhat demented Octavian Goga.

During that adventure in anti-Semitism, when King Carol called to the helm of the Government the weakest though most violent elements, as a prelude to his own dictatorial ambitions, Calinescu again held the Interior portfolio. He held it at the request of the King. And Calinescu ignored Goga in the same way that he had ignored Vaïda-Voevod. One day, going over the Premier's head, he conferred with the vacillating Carol and explained to him all the confusion that Goga's policies had brought on the country.

Carol needed only that pretext to rid himself of Goga, and, at the same time, of all the political parties whose rivalries, he claimed, made orderly government impossible and had plunged Rumania into anarchy. Under the new régime, for whose creation he was in part responsible, Calinescu kept his portfolio. His first act was to arrest the chief of the Iron Guard. To do that he needed courage. Four years before Premier Duca had been assassinated for having threatened the same move. Before the arrest fifty young legionaries warned Calinescu that if he touched Codreanu they would kill themselves before the Royal Palace.

'Only fifty?' exclaimed the Minister. 'That's too few! I prefer there

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were two or three hundred of them, and that they would come to kill themselves not before the Royal Palace—where they risk being arrested—but to my house, where they can do it without the slightest interference on my part.'

However, when the Captain was arrested, together with his principal lieutenants, there was no disorder, to the surprise of everyone—including Calinescu. Nevertheless there was to be a violent aftermath.

After Carol's voyage to London and Paris, where he affirmed Rumania's traditional loyalty to the democratic creed, Hitler exerted pressure on Rumania. The Iron Guard came to life throughout Rumania and its terrorist activities began anew. The King and his Minister of the Interior reacted with equal vigor. Everyone remembers Codreanu's execution, together with thirteen lieutenants, during an 'attempted flight.'

Someone had remarked to Calinescu that the report released by him on that occasion was unconvincing.

'I know it,' he answered. 'But that was done deliberately. I wanted the world to guess the truth.'

The fact is, of course, that the Captain was assassinated in his prison by Calinescu's order and with him died not thirteen but hundreds of his followers.

Because of this ruthlessness, Calinescu is today the most trusted of Carol's supporters; he is also the most hated man in Rumania. But, it must be admitted, he is hated only by those whose hatred he welcomes—indeed, heartily invites.

Men Whom Hitler Obeys

Translated from *Posledniya Novosti*, Paris Russian-Émigré Social-Democratic Daily

HITLER had just come for a visit to Rome, in May, 1938. In the Salone Reale of the Termini Railway Station, he presented the members of his entourage to the Duce. A little man in mufti, round and jovial, carrying his fifty years lightly, was hiding modestly behind the dazzling uniforms of the German high officials. When the two dictators came up to him, Mussolini shook his hand, saying 'Good day to you, Herr Kannenberg. How's everything?' Then, turning smilingly to the Fascist dignitaries that surrounded him, he introduced to them his old friend, the Führer's chef.

In 1934, when the Führer made his first visit to Italy, Kannenberg accompanied his master to Venice. As a matter of fact, he accompanies him on all his trips, following him like a shadow from Munich to Bercht-

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esgaden, from Berchtesgaden to Berlin, from Berlin to Rome, by plane, automobile or special train. Hitler would not dream of going anywhere without his chef, who is often taken for his personal bodyguard. As soon as he comes to any city he makes the round of recommended grocery stores to buy fresh vegetables and choice fruit for the Führer.

The Chancellor greatly appreciates his chef and never misses an opportunity to present him to diplomats and officials as 'Herr Sepp Kannenberg, my dictator.' For, though Hitler may rule many millions of Germans, Joseph Kannenberg in his turn rules Hitler, thus being a '*chef*' in the true sense of the word. This exalted personage, who has been presented not only to Mussolini, but also to Chamberlain, Daladier and Admiral Horthy, holds supreme authority over Hitler's diet.

An old friendship binds Hitler to his chef. It dates back to the period when the Führer was only an obscure politician, an easy victim of caricaturists and humorous magazines. After the failure of the celebrated Munich *Putsch*, Hitler was obliged to flee, and found welcome refuge for a few days in Kannenberg's little home in the suburbs. Hitler spent hours talking to his host and came to the conclusion that the latter was quite an intelligent fellow.

He was particularly impressed by the culinary ability of Kannenberg, who, as a precaution, dismissed the servants and cooked lunch and supper for his guest with his own hands. 'You are an ideal chef,' Hitler exclaimed several times. Afterwards, upon coming to power, Hitler remembered Kannenberg and entrusted him with the supervision of his menu. He treats him with great respect and pays him very well.

The Chancellor is, in general, very fond of the men attached to his personal service. Some of them he considers his friends, to whose counsel he listens willingly. Often, he even discusses with them political questions of great importance. Kannenberg holds a high place among his confidants. It is generally believed that his advice is often taken and that he has a considerable influence on Germany's ruler. For that reason, his friendship is eagerly sought by diplomats and Nazi chiefs. Mussolini, for example, who is a great connoisseur of human nature, has never let an occasion pass to show him his esteem.

HEINRICH HOFFMANN, the official photographer of the Party, is the second man who is able to give the Führer orders. His friendship with Hitler also dates far back. It began in a little beer shop in Munich, where the Nazi movement was born twenty years ago. At that time, Heinrich Hoffmann was a small-time photographer, eking out a miserable existence. He was fascinated by Hitler's personal magnetism and became one of his first followers. Hoffmann's studio was located near the Party office, and Hitler would often drop in to have tea with him. One

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day, Hoffmann was showing him photographs that he had taken before and during the War. Among others, there was a view of Munich taken on the day War was declared. Hoffmann had photographed the mob milling in front of the City Hall.

'But I was there myself that day,' cried the future Chancellor quickly. 'Let me see!' Then, upon examining the photograph more closely, he exclaimed: 'Why, here I am! Just look, I can recognize myself.' And true enough, barely distinguishable in the midst of the delirious crowd, there was Hitler himself, just another insignificant pawn on the chessboard of history.

At present, Heinrich Hoffmann is the richest photographer in the world. He has special powers. It is his duty to designate the photographers to cover the important events or functions. If he happens to decide that only his reporters and himself may be admitted to the place where the event is taking place, no other photographer will be allowed to take a picture.

Besides, and this is the most important privilege of all, he is the only one authorized to photograph the Führer in his more intimate surroundings: in the Berlin Chancellery, in the Führer's house in Munich or in the Berchtesgaden Castle.

The portraits of the leader of the Germans have the place of honor in every house in the Reich, no matter how modest it may be. They bring in fabulous sums of money. Certain photographs have sold to the tune of more than 100 million, and albums with pictures of Hitler's life, or the history of the Nazi movement have a tremendous circulation.

If Kannenberg is the Führer's 'culinary dictator,' Hoffmann is supreme in the field of photography. It is he who dictates to the Führer the pose that he must take before the camera, the suit that he must wear, or where he must stand, if he is photographed in a group. It is also he who has the last word on what photographs may be released. The public will never see those that have not won his approval. It often happens that Hitler himself takes a special fancy to some photograph. Hoffmann, who never lets an opportunity pass to show his special power, intervenes with:—

'I know better about these things, My Führer. This photograph will not do.'

As a matter of fact, his authority on the subject is not unimpeachable: he has been known to make mistakes. A few years ago he had released a photograph which showed the Chancellor during a speech, carried away by passion, his face contracted, his fists closed. This photograph did not produce a pleasant impression on the public, at home or abroad.

Hitler has willingly forgiven such little mistakes and obeys with good grace when Hoffmann puts him into a particularly effective pose.

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'Take your place. Turn your head to the right. Look at the camera. Relax a little. There, that's perfect. Thank you, My Führer.'

And the Chancellor of the Third Reich stares obediently into the camera.

Bourbon Monarch, Modern Style

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

WHILE Generalissimo Franco is mopping up in Spain and scattering the remaining ranks of the Republicans, a question that has been provoking speculative comment in London, Paris and Rome is whether or not a Bourbon restoration is imminent.

From remarks that the Nationalist commander has made in the past few weeks, it might be judged that it is his intention, once the country has returned to normal conditions and reconstruction has begun, to summon the Infante Don Juan Carlos Teresa Silverio to the throne.

Don Juan is twenty-five, and thus a product of the post-War years. In temperament, in manner and even in looks, he seems to have little in common with the long line of his Bourbon predecessors, who, someone said, learned nothing and forgot nothing. He seems a normal enough young man of the upper classes, a prototype of the hundreds encountered along the Riviera and in Mayfair. Not excessively interested in night clubs, in the theater, or in pursuing the lush objectives of most young men with more than sufficient money, he has aroused considerable astonishment, for something different is expected from a child of Alfonso, whose preoccupation with the fleshpots of Europe makes Don Juan seem colorless, if not callow, in comparison.

It was, however, this third son of the deposed Alfonso who was told by Franco, when the latter refused him permission to fight with the Nationalists, that he must 'await a higher destiny.' (He had attempted to enlist under an assumed name, and indeed progressed as far as appearing aboard the cruiser *Canaris* in the regulation overalls, when he was recognized, arrested and 'exiled' to Rome.) His intimates in the Italian capital are convinced that Don Juan is headed for the throne. But this may well be wishful thinking, since the question immediately arises, What would a Bourbon restoration profit Franco?

In 1935 at Rome Don Juan (who, incidentally, is not subject to hemophilia, which caused the deaths of his brothers Alfonso, the Count of Covadonga, and the Infante Gonzalo) married the Princess Maria Mercedes of Bourbon-Sicily, and for that reason his summons to Madrid might be pleasing to Mussolini. The Duce may believe that through Don

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Juan he might keep the victorious Franco in his place. But against this possibility must be placed the fact that Don Juan is half English through his mother, Victoria Eugenie, the daughter of Victoria, and indeed most of his education has been at the hands of the British. It is one of the anomalous aspects of the situation that, in the eyes of Italian critics, Don Juan is thought to be excessively British in point of view and in feeling, and that in the eyes of opponents of his restoration in London, he is regarded as overly Latin in predilection.

But Don Juan, despite his youth, may have the makings of the only kind of 'democratic monarch' that could keep his head, literally and figuratively, in Spain. Physically, at least, he has the royal façade—the mildly degenerate and weary expression, the obvious over-breeding, that is as characteristic of the Bourbons as it is of the House of Windsor. And, according to friends, he has also that intangible quality that may be called the democratic manner.

Apparently he dislikes frills. At school in England, where he spent his early years, he was shown no particular favors, although his father had not yet been booted from the throne. In 1932 he enlisted as a midshipman in the British Navy—the republican régime in Spain had just been proclaimed—and was accorded the same treatment as his shipmates. He showed no particular bent for the sea as a midshipman, but in the course of time he was duly awarded his commission as a lieutenant, and placed in the reserves. Since then, he has spent most of his time in Rome, in company with his father.

The estrangement existing between his parents has not made his life a particularly contented one, but no one would say that he is morbid. He is occasionally seen in the Roman cocktail bars, at the cinema, and he is reasonably fond of sports. Where the Archduke Otto has had little to divert him from his despairing aspirations to the Hapsburg throne, Don Juan has three children, Maria del Pilar, two years old, a son born last year, Don Juan Carlos, and a second son born this year. Should a Bourbon restoration be accomplished, the succession to the Spanish throne might pass to the daughter.

Although Franco is now definitely master of Spain, he is confronted with the fact today that millions of the people remain Republican in sentiment, and that to these the restoration of the Bourbons would be anathema, to express it mildly. It is difficult to see how the presence of Don Juan in the Palace at Madrid would serve to knit warring factions together, a condition essential to even the initial stages of reconstructing the Peninsula. On the other hand, it may be conceded that Franco believes his own authority would be strengthened by the presence above him of a royal figurehead, even the somewhat ordinary Don Juan. It is conceivable, moreover, that the Generalissimo reasons that 'King' Don

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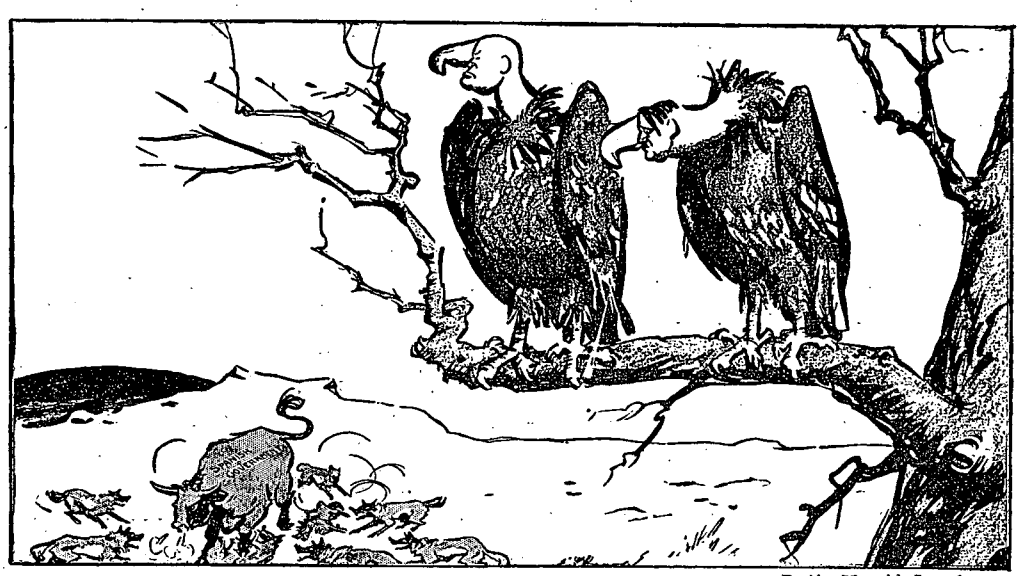
Juan might at least unite his 'subjects' against any territorial ambitions of Italy and Germany.

It is plausible to suppose also that Britain, whose present government has been more than tacitly friendly to Franco, might favor a Bourbon restoration, if only to bolster the dying monarchist institution. Writing recently in Lord Astor's *Observer*, the editor J. L. Garvin predicted that 'the surest hope for the durable reconstruction of Spain lies in the restoration of the monarchy.' But that well-known British journalist added that the elevation of Don Juan to the throne, if brought about by the aid of Italian and German arms, would be fatal—to Don Juan himself. That view seems logical. If the twenty-five-year-old Prince is to restore the Bourbons to Spain, he can only do so with the aid of Franco's Nationalists. Then, possibly the rest of the nation, the Republicans, sick to death of two and a half years of bloodshed, would tolerate him.



Daily Herald, London

VULTURES OVER SPAIN

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An eminent French economist speculates on the decline of British hegemony.

Britain, What *of the* Night?

By André Siegfried
Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

THE present-day world, ruled by the white race, has for years got its direction from a leader nation, which has represented the dominant civilization. Such a nation may be said to have an imperial spirit.

For the past century the imperial Power *par excellence* has been England, which has established and consolidated in the world the system of exchange and of inter-continental relations under which we live. For some time, however, a certain weakness has become apparent in England, as if she were encountering difficulties in keeping up this preëminence, as if the Empire had become too unwieldy for continuous hegemony.

Only now, when British supremacy begins to totter, are we becoming aware of the exceptional advantages that it had heretofore given the white race. When, during the nineteenth century, one traveled outside of Europe, one still moved in a 'mercantile international republic' (the expression is that of Élie Halevy), dominated by the English spirit of 'free trade and fair play.' A certain jealousy prevented other countries from admitting it, but today we know that the freedom of the great maritime routes from piracy sprang largely from the fact that Britannia ruled the waves. The leadership of the Old Continent over the whole world seemed so natural and logical a thing that nobody bothered to analyze the conditions that made it possible. It did not occur to anyone that the imperial system then existing might not endure forever. And so, lulled by a sense of false security, everyone felt free to criticize England, laugh at the obstacles she encountered and joke about her discomforts.

The domain of the white race at that time extended further than it does today. The whites were not only present but also influential in all the continents. An injury to their health or prestige met with swift vengeance. A European could travel around the world perhaps not as quickly as now but much more safely. There were fewer frontier trou-

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bles, and no financial difficulties. With a few fistfuls of banknotes, Phineas Fogg could go everywhere and all the doors opened before him.

But during the last few years the zone of influence of the white race has tended to shrink, like a tremendous flood that, after having overspread the whole world, is now beginning to recede. Europe has lost a few positions to America, but that is not really important because it did not touch Western civilization as a whole. Far more serious have been the setbacks that the white race has suffered in the Far East at the hands of the peoples and systems inimical to white civilization.

II

One cannot help shuddering to think what England's defeat either by a European or a non-European country would mean. The Treaty of Versailles has been bad for Germany, and for the prestige of the Old Continent. But the essential position of our civilization did not palpably suffer thereby. It would be entirely different if the British Empire were to lose India, or its possessions in the Far East, or if the Suez Canal were to cease being a British route. The primacy of the white race itself would fall with England's supremacy, for a sign of weakness would unloose a stream of native claims throughout the world. Nor will the French colonial empire be exempt from the same peril. What will happen to Australasia or South Africa, which, although they have now attained the status of independent Powers, still need a protector? A defeat of England, it is clear, would shake the whole of Europe, including the very States that inflicted it. And the repercussions of the catastrophe would be felt even in the apparently impregnable America.

Who will succeed England as the leader of the white race, in case of such an eventuality? One thinks of the United States, which, having British roots, forms a logical successor to British traditions. Indeed, following the World War, when American prestige was at its height, old Europe was already beginning to show signs of weariness, and it was generally accepted that the American people would advance a claim to world hegemony, which seemed almost their right, due to their youth, wealth and general success. It seemed that this newcomer would lift some of the burdens from the drooping shoulders of weary Europe, replacing England in her traditional rôle of purveyor of capital. The dollar would become the international currency instead of the pound, and New York would supplant London as an entrepôt. It was thought, too, the United States would eventually assume the defense of the interests of the white race throughout the world. England herself, indeed, seemed to encourage this ambition. In 1921 she conceded to her former colony the principle of naval parity, necessary for the purpose of policing the great communication routes of the world.

Twenty years' experience has proved, however, that the United States cannot fill this imperial rôle. New York has not replaced London as an international warehouse and the pound still remains the principal intercontinental currency in the exchanges. As far as political influence goes, the United States has certainly become the greatest Power on the Western Hemisphere, but it would be an exaggeration to ascribe to her imperial ambitions.

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The question has even arisen lately whether the Americans are disposed to accept responsibility of such a magnitude, for apparently it runs counter to their tradition. Their main worry at present is to put their own country in order, or at the most their own continent. When the question comes up of intervening further afield—in Europe, for example, or in the Far East—public opinion shows an instinctive repulsion. America seems to say to Europe: 'These imperial cares are solely your business.'

III

But what will happen if England will end by finding the task too heavy, or as erstwhile the Romans, will be obliged to retire her line of defense? As a matter of fact isn't that exactly what is at present happening in the Far East? What will happen if another European Power will push forward a claim to world leadership? Here we are no longer in the domain of hypotheses, for Germany is making precisely that claim.

It is quite possible to imagine a world system inspired and directed by Germany according to her own peculiar methods. Technically she certainly seems capable of it. A world dominated and administered by the Germans would, however, be quite different from that which we have known under the British aegis. The level of production, for example, would be doubtlessly impressive; as for the rest—but here I will confine myself to citing a passage from a book by Jacques Rivière, a prisoner during the World War: 'If the Germans dominate the world, production will increase. New exchanges will be established. Wealth will multiply. Life will finally become, if not happier, at least more prosperous. The advantages that we will reap cannot be denied, but the price—that is what I cannot forget, what fills me with terror.'

The world must be defended against certain methods that will render it uninhabitable, and from that point of view, it is in the interest of humanity that the British Empire continue to fulfill its civilizing function.

This problem, which confronts the still liberal part of Europe, presents itself with an equal urgency to North and South America. The position that the United States will take regarding the defense of what we could call liberal civilization may prove decisive. Two attitudes are indicated. The first is an instinctive reflex to 'defend America and nothing else.' But there is another trend of opinion more cautiously expressed: it recognizes the need of counteracting the grave threat to the British Empire, whose decline will reflect upon the American security in the world. Public opinion in America seems to support the first as against the second attitude, and if it prevails, it is to be feared that America will isolate herself in a strictly continental defense policy. But I believe that it is the second that will win out in the long run, as it did in 1917. Just as the British Government has at last come to realize that the British line of defense is on the Rhine, so the United States will come to see that its present line of defense is in reality on the frontiers of England and France, with an extension to Dakar and the Cape. The policy of the continental defense of the New World, as it has been stated at the Lima Conference, is not a final solution, not even for the United States, for it does not solve the more serious problem: the survival of the liberal hegemony in the world.

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Three articles, illustrating the attitude of the National Socialists to the intellectuals and the scientists, and their brutal treatment of the Jews.

German Undercurrents

I. Those Wretched Intellectuals

By Joseph Goebbels

Translated from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Munich Official National Socialist Daily

WE HAVE frequently been requested to give a precise definition of an intellectual, in order to clarify the basis of our attacks against intellectualism, which have led to some misunderstanding and resentment. We shall now describe the type of intellectual who, in our opinion, deserves condemnation.

First of all, we must emphasize that we do not refer to the sincere brain-worker who places his knowledge, ability and experience at the service of the nation. Such genuine brain workers make up the German intelligence. There is, however, a sharp distinction between intelligence of this type and intellectualism. Not everyone possessed of learning and ability is an intellectual, who may be defined as an educated person whose courage is in inverse ratio to his knowledge. He has roots in our former misguided and mistaken system of education. Actually, such an intellectual is nothing but a collection of knowledge artificially cultivated by means of intellectual exercises. His influence is more pernicious than that of the simple ignoramus, since he cannot be as easily detected. The intellectual dresses up cowardice as wisdom, lack of judgment as impartiality, arrogance as courage and lack of firmness as superior insight.

He is especially dangerous in Germany because the German people have a particular fondness for these virtues, though only when they are real. We have nothing whatever against an intelligent, educated man, working and fighting for the life and liberty of his people. All such men are today to be found in the ranks of National Socialism or pride themselves on being its enthusiastic followers.

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The objectionable intellectual possesses as little idealism as wisdom or reasoning, and, despite his shrewd demeanor, is actually a short-sighted coward. That is why he is frequently so irritating. He insists that knowledge, education and position can be acquired only in the manner in which he has acquired them. Anyone daring to follow other paths he regards as an outsider, to be rejected, criticized and opposed.

In quiet times, intellectuals are quite harmless, but when political developments sharpen into crises, they represent a certain danger. Then they band together in gangs, as though they were following a herd instinct. Lacking the instinct to recognize and judge a critical situation, they take refuge in their superficial, so-called education, for the purpose of explaining and justifying their fears to themselves and to others.

II

These intellectuals make up a large part of that one per cent which still responds, and in all probability will continue to respond, with a 'No!' to National Socialism and to the work of the Führer. We have no intention of winning them over. It is not that we cannot, but that we do not desire to do so. They would only represent an unnecessary burden.

Intellectuals recognize each other instantly. They have, as it were, some sort of secret understanding. Perhaps their most brazen gesture is their appeal to the people against us. They know nothing whatever of the people, have no inner connection with them, and at heart despise them.

In all times of crisis, they invariably cower in so-called higher society, call each other up on the telephone, write letters to each other, and compose long-winded memoranda, which they submit to high places. These memoranda deal eloquently and at length with the current crisis, but they are easily recognizable as the expression of their cowardice. They are unable to pull themselves together and look danger straight in the face. They have, however, always managed to survive.

So-called high society abounds in intellectuals. They invariably ally themselves with the type of parasitic idler who acts like an emetic upon any creative individual. In a metropolis like Berlin this noble species of contemporary life can hardly be represented by more than one thousand individuals. They talk big. They batten on rumors. They treat their servants like dirt and they regard it as far beneath their dignity to exchange a civil word with a mere representative of the people.

Though we are not members of high society, we have come to amount to something just the same. That is against all the rules. It simply is not done. In their innermost hearts they regard us as plebeians and upstarts. Oh, yes indeed, we know them well! They see the achievements of the National Socialist régime not as the result of courage and intelligence, but as springing from luck and chance. They are tactless, stupid and ungrateful. They are dependent for their living on National Socialism, and do business with it, but they reject it just the same. There is no place in their cowardly hearts for a great political passion, and they also lack the courage to make up an effective opposition. They are nothing but a

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gang of garrulous, loafing, parasitic society people. How glorious in contrast is our German people and our great National Socialist movement!

All this had to be said once to give truth its due.

II. Hands off Science!

By Ferdinand Sauerbruch

Translated from *Stahl und Eisen*, Düsseldorf Organ of the Heavy Industry

ATTEMPTS by the State or by industry to organize and develop research along unified lines, in order to avoid unnecessary waste and duplication, are to be welcomed. The most striking contemporary instance of large-scale technical planning geared to pioneer scientific research is the German Four-Year Plan, which to some degree extends to all fields of our professional work. In addition to this purely functional research, however, there is another, unhampered by the special requirements of industry. Nor should a general psychological factor in research be overlooked. *Even highly gifted scientists cannot be expected to find creative and far-reaching solutions to their problems if they are too heavily shackled by a system dominated by practical considerations far removed from pure science.* [*All italics ours.*—The Editors] We all know from experience that inventors are queer people, but we need them!

No one who admires the success and achievements of a man or an enterprise should lose his respect for the secret of creative ability. *Great accomplishment does not come by command. It needs the free air of independence—freedom from interference by non-scientific influences. This belief in the freedom of the spirit forms the basis of all scientific progress*, and it counteracts the narrow-minded materialism with which science has often been charged, whenever it has fallen under the thrall of industry.

For real insight into the nature of creative work, upon which scientific advance rests, quickly reveals forces at work which transcend the limit of ordinary knowledge and organization, and reach into the metaphysical regions of the human soul. *The sole function of organization and of the State should be to search out these forces, to mobilize them and to see that they are effectively applied. Constant, repeated interference with this organic process of calm scientific inquiry would be a sign of shortsightedness and suspicion for which experience offers no justification.* The history of science clearly shows that industry derives its strongest impetus from inventions made entirely beyond the considerations of immediate usefulness. Faraday had no thought of the electric motor, nor Hertz of radio, [*Note that Professor Sauerbruch here cites a Jewish physicist.*—The Editors] yet the electric industries could never have reached their present state of development, except for the men who, under no compulsion whatever, solely from their innermost urging, penetrated into new fields of knowledge.

We do not deny that there is need for purely industrial research today. Industry often confronts science with

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definite tasks the solution of which is urgent. But beyond this type of applied research there must be another, free of the changing demands of the day—free to follow its own long-range laws and potentialities.

II

In the struggle for existence man has been constantly compelled to improve his efficiency. His mind and his will power have been applied to the utilization of such things as fire, minerals and timber. The outward forms of this process have been modified under the complex circumstances of modern life, but essentially it continues unchanged. The findings of pure science never become actuality except as they are practically applied in industry, for the improvement and amelioration of our living conditions. This is how research becomes the servant of the people. This concept also defines the function of industry in our civilization. Of itself, that form of human activity is neither good nor evil. It reveals its essential nature solely in the service of certain ideas. Its character is determined solely by the manner in which man utilizes it.

Such practical application of ideas was able to express the religious aspirations of the Middle Ages in proud Gothic cathedrals; its weapons protect country and people; it guards against the constant menace of the forces of nature on the loose; through the extension of communications, such as the radio, it serves understanding between nations—*but by these very same means it is in a position to destroy cultural values and demoralize humanity*. This, then, is the danger in the practical application of science—*that it can offer no opposition to its utilization for destructive purposes*.

Therefore man's own responsibility and duty to master and guide industry is all the greater. He must not permit himself to be overwhelmed by it nor to fall down on his knees and sacrifice his own essential nature. The relationship between man and industry has grown confused because too much has been expected of industry and because man has had too little confidence in his own inner strength.

No one can deny today that every improvement in industrial efficiency constitutes positive progress and that, properly applied, it is of tremendous importance to the advance of civilization. But the significance of such efficiency is perverted, the moment it makes man the slave of the machine.

III. Twentieth Century Ghetto

Compiled by *The Living Age*

FROM time to time outbursts against the Jews in Germany, or repressive laws and decrees directed against them, have been given publicity in the world press, but in the intervening periods comparatively little has been heard about the treatment of the Jews under the Nazi régime. A widespread belief prevails that during the intervals between the publication of such laws or the occurrence of such outbursts the German Jews led a

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comparatively secure life. The facts are very different. Those who have studied the position of the Jews under the Nazi régime realize that apart from short periods in 1934 and at the beginning of 1935, and possibly during the Olympic Games in 1936, the German Jews have been constantly harassed and persecuted ever since Hitler came to power.

By enumerating the measures, legal or extra-legal, adopted by the Nazis against the Jews (as a background for the more publicized violent outbursts, which we do not mention here) in chronological order, it will be made plain that there has been no turning back but a relentless march toward the total elimination of German Jewry.

1933

As soon as Hitler came to power the Jew-baiting started, particularly after the elections of March 5, 1933, had given Hitler's Government (although not the Nazi party alone) a bare majority. During the first few weeks individual actions were taken against Jews; many being killed or beaten. The first Government-sponsored action was the general boycott of Jewish concerns, Jewish lawyers, and doctors, and so on, on April 1. On account of the shaky economic position of Germany in 1933, this boycott was confined to one day, but soon the Government began to take legal measures against the Jews.

April 7.—A new Civil Service law was issued dismissing all non-Aryan officials (this term embraced, in addition to civil servants proper, teachers, university professors, judges, public prosecutors). Ex-servicemen and those who held their jobs before August 1, 1914, were excepted. On the same day a law was issued debarring non-Aryan lawyers, the same exceptions being applied as in the case of officials.

April 22.—Non-Aryan doctors were deprived of their panel practice, which in Germany is the backbone of most medical practices, the same exceptions being applied as in the case of officials.

April 25.—A law was issued creating a *numerus clausus* for Jews in secondary schools and universities. Exceptions were made for the children of ex-servicemen.

June 2.—A decree expelled dentists and dental surgeons from panel practice under the same conditions as medical doctors.

June 14.—A decree by the Prussian Minister of the Interior applied the Aryan clause of the Civil Service law to municipal officials and employees.

June 30.—A new Civil Service law stipulated that no one who was not Aryan or was married to a non-Aryan could be appointed a civil servant in future. No exceptions were made for ex-servicemen.

In June prominent Jewish musicians and singers of the State Opera House were dismissed.

July 11—It was made known that the private health insurance companies had decided to exclude from their service all those non-Aryan doctors who had been excluded from panel practice.

July 12.—It was made known that the Labor Front, which replaced both the trade unions and the employers' organizations, had adopted the Aryan paragraph.

July 13.—The organization of the film industry excluded all non-Aryans from employment in films in any capacity whatsoever.

July 14.—A law was issued enabling

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the Government to revoke naturalizations granted between November 9, 1918, and January 30, 1933.

September 22.—It was made known that Jews would not be admitted into the air-raid precautions organization.

September 29.—A new Peasants' Law was issued decreeing that no one who cannot prove his and his wife's Aryan descent back to 1800 can become an hereditary farmer.

October 4.—A new Journalists' Law was issued preventing non-Aryans from continuing to work as journalists, except on purely Jewish newspapers. The Minister of Propaganda was entitled, but not compelled, to make exceptions in favor of ex-servicemen.

In November, Dr. Goebbels issued a decree concerning the membership of the newly founded Reichskulturkammer, which entitled the Minister to exclude anyone whom he does not consider suitable. Exclusion from the Reichskulturkammer means total exclusion from any activity in the spheres of art, music, theater, literature.

1934

March 14.—The Minister of Defense adopted the Aryan Clause for the Army.

June 11.—The Aryan Clause of the Civil Service Law was extended to teachers in private schools.

August 16.—Hitler's deputy, Hess, issued an order to all Party members to avoid any contact whatever with Jews.

November 8.—Minister of Education published list of books to be used in the schools for instruction in the Jewish question. These books included the notorious forgery, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.*

1935

February 9.—A decree by the Minister of the Interior provided that only Aryans might be admitted to the examinations of the medical faculty.

April 17.—The Minister of the Interior decreed that in future no licenses for dispensing chemists should be issued to non-Aryans.

April 24.—A decree by the President of the Press Chamber provided that nobody who cannot prove his or his wife's Aryan ancestry back to 1800 may be in any way connected with publishing activities.

May 21.—The military conscription law provided that Jews cannot serve in the forces, and non-Jewish non-Aryans cannot rise above the rank of private.

In the early summer a great propaganda campaign against the Jews was organized throughout the country, Streicher traveling from town to town, urging the boycott of Jewish shops and the prohibition of mixed marriages and extra-marital relations between Jews and non-Jews.

July 2.—It became known that a law court had upheld a registrar's refusal to marry a non-Jew to a Jewess, although no legal prohibition existed.

July 15.—Anti-Jewish riots occurred in the west of Berlin; Jewish shops were damaged.

July 16.—The Secret Police announced that many Jews and non-Jewish women had been arrested for 'racial disgrace,' although there was no law prohibiting such relations.

September 2.—The State Commissar for Culture Hinkel announced that all non-Aryans were expelled from the Kulturkammer.

September 10.—A decree by the

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Minister of Education provided that by the Easter term, 1936, all Jewish children would have to be removed from the elementary schools and special Jewish schools established.

September 15.—The Nuremberg Laws deprived Jews of the rights of citizenship, of the right to hoist the German flag, prohibited marriages between Jews and German Aryans, and made extra-marital relations between them a criminal offense. On account of the loss of citizenship, all those Jewish officials who had been exempted from dismissal in 1933 were now dismissed. The same applied to notaries.

October.—Jews were excluded from the ordinary Winter Relief organization. They were permitted to establish a special Jewish Winter Relief organization.

December 13.—No Jew was to be newly admitted as a medical practitioner; no exceptions for ex-servicemen.

1936

January 18.—A new law introduced licenses for tax advisers. No Jew was to be granted a license.

March 26.—A decree compelled Jewish dispensing chemists to lease their businesses to Aryans by October 1, 1936.

July 13.—The Postmaster General decided that the privilege of free telephones for war-blinded ex-servicemen did not apply to Jewish war-blinded ex-servicemen. (A similar decision applied to free radio licenses.)

October 27.—The first Jewish-owned firm was expropriated. The Berlin Suhlerrifle factory was taken over, without compensation, by the Nazi party. The banking account of the owners was confiscated.

October 31.—Streicher demanded in a speech the death penalty for 'racial disgrace.'

1937

January 1.—Jewish labor exchanges closed by Government decree.

March 12.—The booksellers' organization announced that the book trade had been purged of Jews.

May 15.—Jews, as well as anyone married to a Jewess, were excluded from the ex-servicemen's organization.

June 11.—A law court in Königsberg ruled that the word 'Jew' applied to a non-Jew was a grave slander.

November 7.—Streicher and Goebbels opened an anti-Jewish exhibition, 'The Eternal Jew,' in Munich.

During 1937 a drive was started to expel Jews from trade and commerce. Many Jewish business men were forced by police pressure to sell their businesses to Aryans. Others were forced to do the same through the cancellation of mortgages, the withdrawal of leases, decisions of trade organizations not to supply them with goods, and so on. Whole branches of trade were thus purged of Jews.

1938

January 1.—Jewish doctors who, as ex-servicemen, still retained their insurance practice were given three days' notice by fourteen insurance companies.

A decree concerning gramophone records prohibited all music by Jewish composers or performed by Jews.

February 6.—An amendment to the income tax law canceled allowances for children in the case of Jews.

February 9.—Jews were excluded from the auctioneering business.

March 30.—Jewish communities

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ceased to be regarded legally as bodies.

March to June.—The annexation of Austria led to various outbursts against the Jews. Jews were forced to do menial work. Many were driven to suicide, thousands were arrested. Nazi commissars were placed in control of Jewish businesses. Many of the arrested Jews were compelled to sell their concerns for next to nothing, against a promise of release. Thousands of Jews were expelled from frontier districts in Burgenland and Styria, many of them driven over the frontier without passports and made to camp, in some cases for weeks, in no-man's-land.

April 26.—All Jews possessing more than 5,000 marks were compelled to register their possessions with the Government. All real estate belonging to Jewish religious communities, which had hitherto been exempt from land tax, was to be taxed.

May 17.—A circular by the currency authorities ordered that emigrants might take their personal belongings with them without special permission only if they could prove that they were acquired before January 1, 1933.

May 19.—A circular by the Lord Mayor of Berlin decreed that Jews might in principle be treated only in Jewish hospitals.

May 23.—The Nuremberg Laws were declared valid for Austria.

May 31.—Mass arrests of Jews in Berlin.

June 14.—A decree was issued compelling Jews to mark their shops conspicuously.

June 20.—Jews were excluded from stock exchanges.

July 10.—A new decree expelled Jews from various trades, such as the real estate trade, bureaus supplying information, guides for foreign tourists, marriage brokers, itinerant trade, firms supplying watchmen.

July 10.—Government decided to withdraw from Jews all licenses to act as commercial travelers and agents.

July 22.—All Jews were compelled to obtain a special identity card.

August 2.—The exhibition 'The Eternal Jew' opened in Vienna. A new law expelled all Jewish doctors including ex-servicemen, from the medical profession, only a limited number of Jewish healers being permitted to treat Jewish patients only.

August 18.—A law compelled all Jews to adopt Jewish first names.

October 15.—All Jews, including ex-servicemen, were expelled from the bar, and only a limited number of Jewish consultants admitted for Jewish clients only.

November 10.—At 2 A.M. an anti-Jewish pogrom started in all German towns; synagogues were set on fire, all Jewish shops and stores demolished, thousands of Jews arrested.

November 12.—A law forbade Jews, as from January 1, 1939, to own retail shops, delivery businesses, or to work as independent craftsmen. The damage done during the pogrom had to be repaired by the Jews; insurance claims were forfeited in favor of the Government; the Jewish community was required to pay a fine of 1,000,000,000 marks, roughly $415,000,000.

November 12.—Jews may not possess any kind of weapon. Infringement of this regulation will be heavily punished.

November 12.—A decree by Dr. Goebbels excluded Jews from concerts, lectures, dances, theaters, cinemas, and so on.

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November 14.—The Minister of Education barred all Jews from elementary and secondary schools, universities, and other high schools.

November 16.—An ordinance of the Führer deprived Jews of the right to wear army uniforms.

November 24.—Second decree was issued on the registration of Jewish property.

November 28.—A police order was issued restricting the appearance of Jews in public to certain districts and to certain times. Those violating regulation were to be fined up to 150 Reichmarks or imprisonment up to six weeks.

December 2.—All Jewish property in the Sudeten German areas was required to be registered.

December 3.—The Reich Minister of Economics issued a decree regulating the utilization of Jewish property, exercising full control over the sale of Jewish enterprises, real estate or other Jewish property.

December 4.—Jews were prohibited to own and drive automobiles. All Jews were required to surrender their driving licenses.

December 12.—A decree permitted Jews going abroad to take along objects which are not absolutely necessary for personal use only with the consent of the proper authorities; this measure did not apply to foreign Jews.

December 14.—The Reich Trustee of Labor received power to appoint managers for Jewish-owned enterprises. Jews were forbidden to be assistant managers.

December 28—Establishment of new Jewish clothing firms was prohibited. Butchers were arrested for kosher slaughtering.

December 29.—A decree limited purchases by Jewish concerns; Jewish physicians were barred from private insurance company boards.

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January 1.—Every Jew was required to add the name of Israel or Sarah to his own name.

January 4.—A decree was issued by the Reich Minister of Economics regarding the exclusion of Jews from examinations conducted by the Chamber of Industry and Commerce, and by the Chamber of Crafts.

January 16.—A decree was issued by the Reich Minister of Economics regarding the deposit by Jews of jewelry and valuables in municipal pawnshops as security for levies due the Golddiskont-Bank.

January 23.—A decree was issued by the Reich Minister of Economics concerning the surrender of securities to the Preussische Staatsbank in Berlin in lieu of cash payments to the German Golddiskont-Bank.

February 10.—Aryan landlords were required to report to official offices all dwellings free of Jewish tenants or those to be vacated in the future.

February 11.—Herr Funk ordered compulsory 'Aryanization' of Jewish patent and other protective rights, including copyright.

February 15.—Seventy per cent of the 'Aryanization profit' in trade and industrial enterprises and 100 per cent in real estate accrued to the Government.

February 16.—A decree was passed by the Reich Minister of Economics concerning the use of compulsory measures for the removal of Jews from commercial enterprises.

February 23.—A decree was issued

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by Field Marshal Hermann Göring, Commissioner for the Four-Year Plan, to the effect that all German or stateless Jews must surrender before March 7 all jewels and other objects of gold, silver or platinum as well as all diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. Violation of decree was to be punished by fines or imprisonment.

February 25.—The Jewish community in Berlin received orders from the police to produce daily the names of 100 Jews who then will receive two weeks' notice to leave the country.

March 4.—Deadline for turning in jewels and precious stones was extended to the end of March.

Musings After Munich

Ever since the Crisis came,
Nothing's really been the same.
Blight has settled on 'The Limes,'
Father cannot trust the *Times*,
Mother, fresh from the *Express*,
Still believes we're in a mess.
Tom's been drinking with his lunches,
Dick's developed awful hunches,
Harry, if the truth be told,
Looks preposterously old.
Aunt Matilda says we must
Stick to Chamberlain or bust,
Captain Trumpet blames the Yids,
Mildred says she won't have kids,
George just goes on saying 'Spain,'
Like an animal in pain.
No one bothers to repair
Household fittings anywhere,
Precious ramblers go unpruned,
Grand pianos go untuned,
And it's eerie, after dark,
By the trenches in the park.
In this year of 'peace and plenty'
No one's happy over twenty.
Joan's been fitted for a tunic,
On my heart is written 'Munich,'
Nothing's really been the same,
Ever since the Crisis came.

—Michael Barsley in
Time and Tide, London

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This Chinese story of a strange marriage has a distinctly Eastern touch.

Hsiao-hsiao

By Shen Ch'ung-wen

From *T'ien Hsia* Shanghai Literary Monthly

ALMOST every day during the twelfth moon, country people blow *so-nas* to welcome a new bride.

Behind the *so-na* blowers is a bridal sedan shouldered securely by four bearers. Though the maiden locked within is gaily dressed in red and blue apparel she has never worn before, she feels she has to cry her eyes out, for to be a bride means leaving her mother and preparing to become a mother herself, with a multitude of fresh incidents in her life.

But there are brides who do not weep. Hsiao-hsiao, for instance. She was an orphan, and from early childhood had been brought up on her uncle's farm. Marriage meant passing from one family of strangers to another. Accordingly, when the day arrived, she laughed as usual.

Hsiao-hsiao was only twelve. Her husband, aged three, had still to be weaned from his mother. After her entry into his household she called him 'tiny brother,' as was the general custom. Her daily tasks were to take this tiny brother to play under the willows in front of the cottage, to feed him when he was hungry and comfort him when he cried, adorning his little pate with pumpkin flowers or dog's tails she had plucked.

Thus she muddled through fine and rainy weather. Every day she would carry her husband hugged close to her breast. Sometimes she would go to a stream to wash his clothes and pick many-colored snails for him as he sat beside her. At night, when she slept, she often dreamed simple, unsophisticated dreams. She dreamed that in a corner of her back gate, or elsewhere, she was gathering big handfuls of copper coins. She dreamed of delicious things to eat, of climbing trees. Or at times she felt she was so light and diminutive that she flew among the stars, without a soul anywhere near her, only a white expanse and a golden glow.

At times her husband's cries would awaken her from a gentle dream. He generally slept with his mother, but,

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on account of overfeeding or some other childish ailment, he would often yell in the middle of the night. When he cried so that her mother-in-law was at her wits' end to know how to manage him, Hsiao-hsiao, her eyes all dim and sticky, would rise with nimble hands and feet. Approaching the bed, she would hold him up so that he could see the glow of the lamp and the glitter of the stars, or she would shower kisses on him. Thus would she soothe him until he smiled and gradually shut his eyes.

Once the child was asleep she put him to bed, herself standing by to watch over him. When she heard the crowing of the cocks in prolonged and noisy succession, she knew what time it was. Then once again she huddled herself up in her narrow bed and slept. At break of day, even after a dull and dreamless night, she could still open and shut her eyes at leisure and gaze at the golden sunflowers ever changing color in the open air.

II

After Hsiao-hsiao came to her husband's house, she was not unhappy. This was proved by her healthy growth during these six months. She spent her days in wind and rain, like a castor-oil plant sprouting unobserved in a corner of the garden. Its broad leaves flourished as time went on. This little woman seemed to grow out of all proportion to her husband.

During the dreamy summer nights, her father-in-law and mother-in-law, the grandparents, together with two laborers who did odd jobs, would sit together in the courtyard. Not a single stool was vacant. Beside grandfather was a smoky tuft which faintly glimmered in the darkness. This long burning coil of artemisia was to drive away the spindle-shanked mosquitoes. It curled beside grandfather's legs like a long black snake.

Thinking of what had been happening on the farm, grandfather broke the silence:—

'I heard Chin the Third say that some girl students were passing through the village the day before yesterday.'

All guffawed.

What was the cause of this merriment? The point was that girl students looked like nuns as they had no queue. They were dressed up like foreigners. Everything about them, in fact, seemed highly comic.

Hsiao-hsiao understood little of what they were saying, so she did not join in the laughter. Grandfather went on: 'Hsiao-hsiao, one of these days you will become a girl student.'

All burst into a greater guffaw. When they had had their fill of laughter, Hsiao-hsiao said: 'Grandfather, please let me know if any girl students are in the neighborhood tomorrow. I want to have a look-see.' After this, grandfather generally called her 'girl student,' instead of 'tiny slave girl' or 'Hsiao-hsiao.' She responded quite promptly when she was off her guard.

Days in the country are the same everywhere; they differ according to season. The civilized town-dweller spends the summer in clothes of soft pongee, with delicious refreshments and other good things. As for Hsiao-hsiao's family, throughout that period they could gather more than ten catties of fine hemp and twenty to thirty loads of gourds.

In one summer, besides taking care

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of her juvenile mate, Hsiao-hsiao had twisted four catties of fine hemp. By this time the laborers were picking gourds, and while she roved among them, she was highly pleased at the sight of the pumpkins ranged in heaps and rows on the ground. They were as big as basins and coated with misty powder. When the gourds were ready to be gathered, autumn had come. Red and brown leaves from the forest behind the house were blowing about the courtyard. Hsiao-hsiao stood, plaiting a tiny rain-hat for her husband.

III

One of the laborers, nicknamed Spotted Dog, took Hsiao-hsiao's husband with him to gather dates. When the branches were beaten with poles, a hail of fruit would cover the ground.

'Big Spotted Dog, that will do. We can't eat all of them.'

Nevertheless, the fellow stood stock still, as if her husband's wanting the dates prevented him from obeying. Then turning to her tiny husband: 'Come, brother!' she said, 'don't pick any more. You'll get a belly-ache if you eat too much raw fruit.'

Her husband obeyed. Approaching her with a handful of dates, he offered them to her.

'Do eat this big one, sister!'

'Tiny brother, just pop it into my mouth.'

She wanted him to put the dates aside and help her pinch up the brim of the hat so as to add new leaves to it. He did so, singing and fidgeting the while.

'Little brother, what are you singing?'

'A song of the mountains I learned from Spotted Dog.'

'Do sing it nicely for me.'

He sang as much of it as he could remember:—

Clouds rise in the sky, flowers blooming in their midst,
Bean-pods are sown in the Pao-ku forest,
The bean-pods harmfully cling to the Pao-ku tree,
The damsel harmfully clings to that tender youth.
Clouds rise in the sky, cloud over cloud,
Graves sink underground, grave after grave.
That fair girl washes bowls, bowl upon bowl,
In bed another weighs her body down.

Hsiao-hsiao said: 'Big Spotted Dog, will you please sing a ballad for me?'

That Spotted Dog! His face revealed his heart. There was a smack of bawdiness about him. Knowing that Hsiao-hsiao liked a song, he was also aware that she was getting old enough to be seduced, so he chanted the ditty of 'the ten-year-old bride and the one-year-old groom.' The gist of it is that when a wife is old enough, she may take liberties outside the family, while the husband may be left to his suckling!

Hsiao-hsiao could understand just a little. After hearing it, she assumed an important air and said crossly to Spotted Dog: 'This won't do, Spotted Dog, it's a naughty song.'

'It isn't,' he retorted in self defense.

'I'm sure it is!'

Spotted Dog seldom wasted words. The song had been sung. If he apologized at all, he would do so by singing no more.

As soon as Hsiao-hsiao and her husband had moved away, one of the workmen picking gourds, who went

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by the name of Dummy, opened his tongue-tied mouth and said:—

'Spotted Dog, you wouldn't be such a beast! She is still a virgin and will have to wait another twelve years for her wedding.'

Spotted Dog, speechless with rage, gave his partner a blow with the flat of his hand and hurried off to gather fallen dates.

IV

When autumn came and the gourds were stacked, Hsiao-hsiao had been a whole year with her husband.

With the passing of several frosts and snows, of Ching Ming festivals and vernal rains, all said Hsiao-hsiao had grown up. Heaven blessed her. Although she drank cold water and ate coarse ground rice, she was free from sickness throughout the seasons. Country air and sunshine combined to counteract the effects of abuse and privation. When Hsiao-hsiao was fourteen, she was as tall as an adult, but her heart was still that of a simple child.

As she became bigger, her household labors multiplied. Besides twisting hemp, spinning, washing and looking after her husband, she also had to do such work as cutting grass for the pigs and grinding at the mill. Starching yarn and weaving cloth were also among her duties. The coarse and the fine hemp and the woven yarn gathered in those two or three years would keep Hsiao-hsiao employed three months at her rustic spinning wheel.

By this time her husband had been weaned. As her mother-in-law had a new-born babe, this five-year-old child was left entirely in Hsiao-hsiao's charge. Whatever she did, wherever she went, her husband was always at her heels. In some ways he was afraid of her, treating her like a mother and keeping out of mischief. They became quite attached to each other.

As the village grew a little more up-to-date, grandfather joked on such topics as 'Hsiao-hsiao, you must also cut off your queue.' By this time she had really seen some girl students. She did not take grandfather's joke seriously, yet each time she passed a stream she would nip the tip of her queue with her fingers, picturing the fanciful appearance of a queueless girl.

Hsiao-hsiao would often carry her husband to the Spiral-snail Mountain where she would cut grass for the pigs. The child would sing when he heard others sing and hearing his voice, Spotted Dog would join them.

Hsiao-hsiao was dimly aware that Spotted Dog had designs on her and grew alarmed when he appeared. But the child beamed with pleasure at the sight of Spotted Dog. He wanted the hired man to plait insects of grass and make bamboo flutes and whistles for him, but one way or another the man devised means to send the youngster out of the way. Then sitting down beside Hsiao-hsiao, he would sing to her more of his embarrassing ballads. Sometimes she would not allow her husband to leave her, but occasionally it seemed better to let him go, since Spotted Dog was beside her. Thus it came to pass that eventually Spotted Dog made a woman of her.

Hsiao-hsiao's husband had run down the hill to pick strawberries. Spotted Dog told Hsiao-hsiao that he had been thinking of her for three years; he said he could not sleep because of her. After hearing these protestations, Hsiao-hsiao became con-

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fused. Her eyes were riveted on his arms, and her ears only took note of his last words. She wanted him to swear an oath of secrecy before Heaven. After he had done that, she let him have his way.

When her husband came back, showing her a swelling on his hand caused by the sting of a caterpillar, she pressed the tiny paw, and blew and sucked it. Dimly she began to realize that she had done something wrong.

V

It was on the fourth moon when the wheat was brown that Spotted Dog seduced Hsiao-hsiao. By the sixth moon, when the plums were ripe, she felt something strange inside her body. On meeting Spotted Dog, she told him about it and asked him what should be done.

Spotted Dog was wholly at sea. Though his frame was large, he was a timid, vacillating man. His big body easily led him astray, and afterwards his timidity prevented him from finding a proper solution. In the end Hsiao-hsiao took hold of her queue and thought of the city.

'Why don't we go to live in the city?' she queried.

'What could we do there?'

'My stomach is swelling.'

'Let us find some medicine.'

'I think. . . .'

'You think of eloping?'

'Eloping? I think of suicide!'

'I swear I will never be ungrateful to you.'

'Grateful or ungrateful, that doesn't matter now. Only help me get rid of this burden. I am scared.'

Spotted Dog disappeared in a trice without another word. Before long the little husband came, and seeing her weeping alone in the meadow, he was amazed.

'Sister, why are you crying?' he asked, after gazing at her a while.

'It's nothing; some dust blew into my eyes and it smarts.'

'Look at all these.'

He showed Hsiao-hsiao all the little cockles and pebbles he had been picking out of the stream. She glanced at them with tearful eyes and said: 'Brother, we are fond of each other. You mustn't tell the family that you saw me weeping.' Hence nobody else got wind of it.

The next day, Spotted Dog disappeared with all his worldly possessions, without taking leave. Grandfather asked his room-mate Dummy why and where he had gone. Dummy merely shook his head and said that Spotted Dog still owed him two hundred cash, and had not even uttered a word before his departure; adding that he was a man of little conscience.

Dummy's version of the story did not disclose the true reason of Spotted Dog's disappearance, so the whole family, much puzzled, discussed it for the rest of the day. But as he had not stolen anything, the episode was very soon forgotten.

Hsiao-hsiao was still what she had been. If only she could have forgotten Spotted Dog, she would have felt better. But really there was something different about her body, and this often made her anxious when alone, and she was troubled by monstrous dreams.

She was even growing a little ill-tempered—a fact of which no one but her husband was aware, for she seemed more harsh to him.

She spent every day with him, as

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usual. Her innermost thoughts were in a haze. If she could put an end to herself, she mused, everything would be all right. But why should she die? She still had every desire to live.

No matter which member of the family referred to a tiny brother-like husband, to little children, or to Spotted Dog, the words were a blow at her breast.

By the eighth moon, the fear that people might discover her condition weighed heavily upon her. She took her husband to a temple, and, while he was busy playing, she swallowed a big handful of ashes of burned incense and secretly made vows to the gods. Her husband noticed it, however, and asked her what was the matter. She said she was eating the ashes for a pain in her stomach.

Although she implored the gods to protect her they naturally took no notice, and the thing in her womb was gradually growing bigger. She could think of nothing to help rid her of this abomination. The only person who knew of this change in Hsiao-hsiao was her husband, and he would never dare draw his parents' attention to it. Owing to the amount of time they were together and their difference in age, the child's affection and fear of Hsiao-hsiao was even greater than his attachment to his parents.

Sometimes she would sink into a long reverie, gazing meditatively toward the East. Hsiao-hsiao brooded on escape. Finally, she put her scanty things in order and was ready to go to the city.

But before she started, her plot was discovered by the family. Upon investigation, they soon perceived that Hsiao-hsiao, who was ready to bear her husband children and so continue the family line, was with child by an interloper. This was indeed a catastrophe by which the placid life of the whole clan was soon completely overwhelmed. Some lost their tempers and others wept. Hanging, drowning, taking poison—Hsiao-hsiao had also considered these solutions, but being so young she was unwilling to sacrifice her life.

VI

Thereupon the grandfather thought out a clever idea. Shutting Hsiao-hsiao in a room with two people to watch over her, he solicited her clansmen to decide whether they were to drown her in a deep pool or sell her. If Hsiao-hsiao's family wanted to save face, let them drown her; if they were unwilling to give her up, she could be sold.

Hsiao-hsiao's only relative was an uncle who worked for others on a neighboring farmstead. Upon being summoned, he thought he was invited to a feast, but upon arrival, he knew it was a face-losing business. He was soon reduced to utter consternation: nothing could be said with the girl's swollen figure as a visible proof. Hsiao-hsiao's uncle could scarcely bear to drown her in a pool, so no alternative remained except to remarry her.

This punishment seemed quite natural. Usually it was the husband's family who suffered loss, but they could regain a sum of money from the second marriage as a compensation. After telling her of his decision, Hsiao-hsiao's uncle wanted to take his leave. Hsiao-hsiao tugged hard at his clothes and sobbed bitterly, but her uncle shook his head several times and departed without another word.

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Hsiao-hsiao remained at her husband's home as no suitable offer was made for her. The whole affair being made public, it seemed of no great importance, and everybody felt relieved.

Hsiao-hsiao's husband had been told that she was with child and that because of this she had to be married off to someone and go far away; but he did not want her to go, nor had Hsiao-hsiao any desire to leave. Before long all went on as before and they talked and laughed the livelong day like brother and sister.

In the second moon of the second year, Hsiao-hsiao gave birth to a son, round-headed, big-eyed and with a clear, lusty voice. Everybody took good care of mother and child. According to custom, she ate steamed chicken and drank wine made of glutinous rice by way of a tonic, and burned paper money as an expression of thanks to the gods. The whole family took delight in the new-born child.

As the babe was a male, Hsiao-hsiao was not to be married off.

When Hsiao-hsiao was formally wedded to her husband in the conventional manner, her son had reached the age of ten. Able to cut grass and tend cattle, he became an active member of the family. Naturally he called Hsiao-hsiao's husband 'uncle,' and the latter answered this appellation without ever being cross.

The son was named Little Calf, and at twelve years old he also took a wife six years his senior. As the wife was older, she could lend a helping hand and make herself useful all round. When the *so-na* sounded in front of the gate, the bride in the sedan cried noisily.

Hsiao-hsiao, clasping Yüeh-mao-mao, her new-born babe, stood watching the hustle by the fence under the elm tree, and she felt as if it were ten years ago when her husband was in her arms.

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Turkey, once 'the sick man of Europe,' is now a Power to be reckoned with.

New Ottoman Empire

By SARKIS MEGHERIAN

From *Life and Letters Today*,
London Literary Monthly

THE destiny of Kamal Ataturk decreed that even on his death-bed he should render signal service to the régime he established in Turkey. He did this by rallying for a few days in spite of the despairing verdict of scientific eminence. It gave him time to pillory the selfish seekers of office and plotters for power, thus assuring the smooth succession of his dictatorship. Soon after the Ataturk's death, Ismet Inonu was elected President of the Turkish Republic. And not a discordant note was heard, nor an irreverent gesture recorded.

Still, it was a great tragedy for Turkey to lose her prophet and hero at so critical a period in Near Eastern history. For since the surrender of Czecho-Slovakia and the ascendancy of German influence in the Balkans, the Near East has once more assumed the rôle of powder cask. With a strong and expansionist Germany as master of the Danube Basin, new adjustments have become inevitable. The future inclination of Turkish policy, both foreign and domestic, is therefore of vital importance to the peace of Europe.

A glance at the map will show that Turkey commands the rear of the Balkan Bloc. She represents the handle of a gigantic club capable of delivering a decisive blow to predatory intruders. From a purely military point of view, the vast expanses of Asia Minor not only offer a safe retreat but also an excellent jumping-off ground for an offensive. Moreover, the defenses of Istanbul, situated in a semi-circle from the Gulf of Saros to the Black Sea, can hold a purely land force for an indefinite period. Without Turkey, the Balkan Bloc is like a trapped animal.

It is only natural then that Germany, unscrupulously aggressive under Nazi tyranny, should seek to renew again an old alliance with the new Turkey. Will Turkey be drawn into the Teutonic orbit? Many believe that she will, since the new president is known to be sympathetic toward

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Germany and antagonistic toward Russia. There are other and more cogent reasons, too, which support this belief.

For example, there is the close ideological similarity between the two States, both of which are governed by nationalist dictatorships. This resemblance is more than one of mere method. Kamal Ataturk was, in fact, the first modern dictator to adopt a racial policy. It was purely Turkish in the beginning, taking its inspiration from Pan-Turanism, but recently it has developed a distinctly Aryan flavor.

Pan-Turanism aspired to unite peoples of Mongolo-Turk origin from Budapest to Karakorum. It became quite active after the Young Turk revolution in 1908, when Tartar and other Mohammedan nationalists from Russia found a warm welcome in Constantinople. In 1912 they founded the 'Turk Ogiaghi' (The Turkish Hearth), which did much to popularize the Pan-Turanian creed in the Ottoman Empire. Agha Oghlu Ahmed and Aqciura Oglu Yussuf, the best known theoreticians of the movement, were among the first adherents to Kamal's rebellion. Halidé Edib was one of them. She had already served the Pan-Turanian cause well with her sentimental novel *Yeni Turan* ('the New Turan'), published in 1913. Indeed, in his revolutionary days, there were few among Kamal's intellectual followers who did not profess the Pan-Turanian creed.

After the establishment of the so-called Republic, Kamal did not neglect the graceful gesture. Many of the changes introduced by him, such as divorcing Turkish from Arabic and Persian and the adoption of purely Turkish proper names, were concessions to Pan-Turanism. He changed his own name from Kemal to Kamal.

But, partly through Russian pressure, Pan-Turanism lost official support. The Soviets objected to the open assistance given to chauvinistic refugees from the Central Asiatic Soviet Republics. In 1932 the Turk Ogiaghi was accordingly merged into the 'Turk Evi' (the Turkish Home), which avowedly confines its activities to the Turks of Turkey. Today, active Pan-Turanian propaganda centers flourish only in Japan, Manchuria and Berlin.

II

Meanwhile, Turkish racial philosophy had taken an unexpected direction. The Institute of Historical Research, whose object was to establish an impressive pedigree for the Turkish people, began advocating the appealing theory that Turks are Aryans. The Western World has heard little of the laborious researches sponsored by this Institute. Among the few publications in foreign languages that throw some light on the subject, there is one by Tekin Alp, noted Turkish writer in French, entitled *Le Kémalisme* (Paris, 1937), to which M. Herriot has contributed an eulogistic preface. In a chapter dealing with Turkish ancestry, Tekin Alp tells us that it is now established beyond doubt that the Turks are of undiluted Aryan descent.

Tekin Alp, it should be mentioned, is a pen-name. The real name of the erudite author is Moise Cohen. Obviously the Aryan myth has already made amazing strides in Turkey.

Further indication of a pro-German

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orientation is to be found in the tone of influential dailies. The *Ulus*, official organ of the People's Party, had a leading article in its December, 1938, issue, beginning with these words: 'For some time now when France is mentioned, one naturally thinks of anarchy.' Other papers have been giving sympathetic prominence to Italian claims upon French territory.

Even more symptomatic of the type of thought that is being steadily built up in Turkey is the nationality of professors occupying important chairs in the Istanbul University. In the medical faculty ten out of twenty-one are held by Germans. In the Science School seven out of twelve professors are Germans. The Deans of the Higher Agricultural Institute in Ankara and of the Faculty of Agriculture and Forestry in Buyukdere are Germans. Apart from Robert College on the Bosporus, which is an American institution, higher education in Turkey is saturated with German influence.

In the economic sphere also the Reich occupies the foremost position. For years now Germany has been at the head of the list of importers and exporters. And the recent loan of 150 million marks, advanced by Dr. Funk immediately after the Munich agreement, has made the Reich the second largest creditor of Turkey.

Again, there are certain territorial aspirations to which Hitler would be the only one not to object. It is well known that Turkey looks upon the former possessions of the Ottoman Empire with a yearning eye, which goes beyond boundary corrections achieved near Mosul and in Syria. Toward Palestine, it is especially tender.

If these facts are in any way significant of future trends, then Ankara will soon be betrothed to Berlin.

III

But before venturing a final forecast, other aspects of Turkish reality must be taken into account. To do this profitably, we must first know the character of the new President. Ismet Inonu has proved himself a brilliant soldier and an equally shrewd politician. Many believe that the real genius behind the military successes against the Greeks was the new President, and all agree in giving him the full credit of subsequent diplomatic victories in Mudania and at Lausanne. Friend and foe alike vouch for his incorruptible integrity. His sense of duty is of that legendary pattern that shirks neither sacrifice nor ruthlessness. Hence it would be unwise to lay much store by his advertised sentiments. His policy will be guided by one consideration only: the safety of Turkey.

Turkish independent existence depends largely on three external factors. First, on a non-aggressive Russia; second, on the maintenance of the present balance of power in the Mediterranean, which safeguards Turkey against Italian designs on Asia Minor; third, on the existence of independent States between her and Imperialistic Germany dreaming of Bagdad. Any fundamental changes in Turkish foreign policy would cancel one or more of these essentials to her safety.

Internally, the new President will have to contend with appreciable difficulties. Turkey is not as happy as the controlled press pictures it. There are the disillusioned, both in the army and in the People's Party, who found

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themselves overlooked or forgotten. There is the underpaid Civil Service, which resents the preferential treatment extended to the army. There are the religious and Pan-Islamic factions, which have already staged several uprisings. There is also the question of the Kurdish minority, which represents 75 per cent of the population of war-devastated provinces near the Soviet and Iranian borders. There is heavy taxation, rural poverty, shortage of essentials. There is yet much to be done and undone, before Turkey looks anything like the Utopia of fervent Kemalists.

Occasionally this discontent, very shyly and discreetly, peeps out from the restrained lines of poet or novelist. Liberty of expression is, of course, painfully discouraged. Apart from the tyranny of the censors, the order for general Westernization, easy enough to obey in matters of dress or table manners, has desiccated the folk sources of inspiration. It will be a long time before Turkish genius revives under the caresses of an alien Muse. At present there are hardly any new writers of note. Those who still command a public at home and some interest abroad belong to the age of the Young Turks. The poets Ahmed Hashim, Yahia Kemal, Zia Gok Alp; the authors Rushen Eshref, Halid Zia, Yacub Kadri; the publicist Hussein Jahid; the dramatist Veda Nedim Tor—all are men of pre-Kemalist days.

Among the new writers patriotism is more evident than craftsmanship. '*Your fingers*,' writes the young poet, Behjet Kemal, in an ode to Ataturk,

. . . hold the magic cords of celestial tunes divine;
You are the voice of Justice, of Good, of Beauty all in one.
Were I to write for centuries to come, I'll not write but of you.

Yet the Turk has true genius. When he yearns, loves, laments and rebels, he can rise to great heights. Here is a perfumed but vigorous fragment from Yashar Nabi, whose *Seven Torches* was published when he was only twenty-one.

One Idol more is broken low,
one ancient lamp no more to glow,

An ugly laugh rings in the place
where prayers once chanted a grace. . .

Listen to the last bells of your churches
to the last hymns of your mosque

Begging pity, calling in dread,
to the last God who is dead. . . .

Turkish talent needs freedom. It cannot flourish while people whose laryngeal muscles itch to emit oriental demi-tones are forced to sing in Western blasts. Will Inonu give them this freedom? He cannot while the Western Democracies persist in their spineless policy of surrender. On the other hand, if England and France, in sincere alliance with Russia, were to adopt a firm attitude toward Fascism, Turkey could advance from imitative adolescence to creative manhood.

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Hitler's grabs are the despair of map-makers; our times seen through a seer's eyes; Japanese swords are still the best.

Miscellany

I. Why Map-Makers Hate Hitler

By Keith Rogers

From *Pearson's Magazine*, London Popular Monthly

'BIG German Putsch! Big German Putsch!' Newsboys broadcast the tidings that Herr Hitler had made another political move. And a man walking along the Strand buys a paper, scans it hurriedly and groans.

Back in his office he grabs the phone, dials a number and waits impatiently.

'That you, George? They've done it again. We'll have to hold that last lot—stop the machines.'

The worried man is one of the heads of a big map-making firm. Turning out millions of maps a year, of every country and in every language, he is more than moderately interested in what Hitler, or any other statesman does. He knows that every time a *coup* is made, an agreement is signed, there is the possibility that some territorial, political, or economic change will upset his maps.

British maps are sold all over the world. They cover every country and aspect of the world's populations. Not only geographical and political boundaries are shown, but information is laid out in pictorial form concerning such diverse facts as the number of Roman Catholics, the disposition of Jews, the number of lunatics; where different tribes and races are situated, and where are areas containing important economic products—oil wells, iron fields, phosphates and so on. In fact, almost any information you may want about any country can be obtained in map or chart form.

Small wonder, then, that when Hitler annexes Austria, or takes over practically all of Czecho-Slovakia, when Mussolini conquers Ethiopia and Japan threatens China, there is trouble in the map world.

You cannot alter a map with impunity. Once it is printed and bound, little or nothing can be done. In sheet form it may sometimes be overprinted so that color alterations will bring

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things into line. But not always.

When Germany annexed Austria, one British firm had just completed its year's supply (250,000) of certain atlases. Austria was indicated as a separate country. Moreover, the color allotted was identical with that of Holland—a dark brown. Germany was shown in lighter hue, and could have been turned into dark brown by overprinting, were it not for the fact that so doing would have made Holland part of the Reich! So each purchaser of that atlas had to be presented with a free supplementary map, showing the political alterations in boundaries and including such changes in Czecho-Slovakia as were then certain.

Let us walk round the factory of our harassed map-maker and see how things are done.

In this corner of a well-lighted room, a draughtsman works busily on an original map. He will pass his work to the copper-engraver who, after tracing the outline and place-name positions on the copper, will engrave them at various depths, writing backwards all the time and looking through a magnifying glass. It will take him many weeks to do a large map.

'Nine months is not long for a big, detailed map, reckoning from start to finish,' says George. 'That means not only drawing and printing, but includes the necessary research work in the editorial and geographical departments, and the checking up with such outside authorities as the Home Office, embassies of various countries, perhaps Boards of Trade, etc.'

On the other side of the big room, with its skylights, are several men, each painting a map on an easel.

'One of Hitler's little games,' remarks George, sourly. 'Those are part of hundreds of wall maps, already mounted on sheets of canvas before the Sudeten problem was solved. They have to be altered by hand, with a paint-brush. New frontiers have to be marked and the coloring of Germany, Austria and Sudetenland made uniform. Costs us eighteen pence a map, so that our profit of one and threepence is turned to loss.'

II

The biggest section of the factory is the printing room, with its presses and plate-preparing machines. Down to these latter come the copper plates, transfers are taken from them and laid down on machine-plates of aluminium or other metal alloys. Oily ink is used for the printing of the proofs, and after the impression is made on the plate, water is run over it.

Some maps are still printed from great lithographic stones, weighing several hundredweight, difficult to store and massive to handle. But today aluminium or zinc sheets, several feet square and extremely light, usually take their place. They have the added advantage that they can be clamped round a rotary press.

Both metal and stone possess the same property: of retaining oily ink and absorbing water where there is no ink. Thus, the lines and lettering applied to the dry machine-plate from the copper master, being oily, will take up no water. And when water is applied, it is absorbed by the remaining portions of the plate, which afterwards will 'take' no ink from the rollers on the machine. Thus a clear-cut outline of lines and lettering is obtained.

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From this machine-plate the black-and-white outline map is made. Colors are added during subsequent printings, with color-plates made in the same way, but inked only where a color is needed. Three primary colors are employed (red, yellow and blue), except in the case of very expensive maps. Shades and other tints are achieved by overprinting the colors several times. Thus, red and blue make a purple, the shade being determined by the proportions of red and blue employed. Colored lines are often used to assist in this shading, and most maps show evidence of this method. The closer the lines, the deeper the color.

'We have to watch our step with those colors nowadays,' grunts George. 'Light tints are given wherever possible to "doubtful" countries. Then, if changes occur, we have a chance of overprinting them to another tint.'

Printed sheet-maps are only part of a modern map-factory. In addition there are the globes and the relief-model maps, which are particularly interesting. Globes are built up with successive layers of plaster on suitable foundations. Firms like to keep to themselves the nature of the materials used.

Most popular with schools are the globes hand-painted black and white. On these, boundaries and other markings can be made in chalk and crayon and readily rubbed out. Other globes, as you know, are covered with a printed map of the world.

'Not so easy as it looks,' remarks our friend as we pause to watch a girl pasting on one of the many strips, or 'gores,' which form the complete world map. 'If she stretches the paper, she will find that the last strip won't fit in. That means a ruined globe.

'Does the paper stretch easily? Yes, if it is not seasoned. All our paper has to be acclimatized. It must not shrink or stretch during printing, or we should be unable to make consecutive printings coincide. Colors would overlap and our globe map strips would never fit. So the paper is hung up in that corner,' he points to an avenue of paper, tons of it. 'There it is left to become accustomed to the heat and humidity of the works for a month or six weeks. Canvas for wall maps is stretched on special wooden walls, too. And the maps are pasted on while the canvas is still hanging. That's why we can't overprint a wall map—it *has* to be altered by hand.'

Only one map really escapes the repercussions of political crises. The relief-model map, being hand-colored throughout, can easily be kept up to date. While the fundamental copper plates of printed maps become obsolete, the molds of the relief-model maps remains supremely safe. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini can change the courses of rivers, or the dispositions of hills and valleys. Only the surface colorings, road markings, town names can need revision—a task easily accomplished on each individual map as it is hand-painted.

But lest you imagine that too much is made of the effects of world politics on the map-making industry, it must be remembered that once maps are in the process of printing, 'runs' of many thousands have to be made, or profits drop and make the whole thing not worth while.

After 100,000 copies (not a great number where a popular edition is concerned) are printed, any important

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political change is a grave matter.

No wonder our friend in the Strand shuddered when he saw that news poster. Manchuria . . . Ethiopia . . . Austria . . . Czecho-Slovakia . . . what will come next?

II. As Nostradamus Saw Us

By L. de Gerin-Ricard

Adapted from *Candide*, Paris Conservative Weekly

In THE sixteenth century, Michel de Notre Dame or Nostradamus, as he was called, a famous doctor turned court astrologist, was asked by Catherine de Medici to write the horoscope for her husband Henri II. The rhyme he wrote sounded strangely ominous:—

The young lion will overcome the old one
In martial field, by a single duel;
In a golden cage, he will put out his eye,
After two blows, a cruel death will come.

The sinister significance of the obscure quatrain became only too apparent when years later, during a tournament given to celebrate the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, the young Count de Montgomery fatally wounded the King, after twice breaking lances with him. His lance had broken in Henri's 'golden cage' of a helmet, and penetrated into his eye.

Nostradamus's writings abound in similar predictions, couched in a deliberately obscure language. Much depends upon the spirit in which one reads prophecies like these, for one can read into them whatever one wishes. Nevertheless, certain quatrains are singularly apt, as, for example, the following one concerning Louis XVI and his flight to Varennes:—

The night will come to the forest of Rheims
A black monk in gray, in Varennes, under the name of
Cap, will cause tempest, fire, blood and knife.

Readers may remember that Louis XVI fled through the forest of Rheims, was arrested at Varennes and, after being brought back to Paris, given the name of Capet. The mention of 'the black monk in gray,' according to Nostradamus's commentators, is supposed to refer to the King's disguise and the name he bore during the flight to Varennes. The use of names and places is here quite astonishing. But there are some that are even better. Here is the verse on the French Revolution made by 'Tiers'—the Third Estate:—

The Third, become first, will shed blood worse than Nero
It will reinstall the scaffold
Then, the Golden Age dead, there will emerge a new King
Who will make a great scandal.

The 'New King' who will make a great scandal is, naturally, Napoleon, whose imperial adventures Nostradamus has predicted in another set of verses:—

Of the marine and tributary city
The shaved head will take command,
Chasing out the common people who will later prove contrary.
He will hold tyrannous sway for fourteen years.

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A simple soldier will succeed to the Empire,
A short gown will succeed a long one,
Brave in arms, an enemy to the Church,
He will vex the priests as water does the sponge.

The eagle that appears on all the flags
Will be chased by other birds
When the noise of cymbals, trumpets and bells
Will bring back to her senses the unconscious lady.

The tributary port in question might be Toulon, the siege of which had made Bonaparte famous, or Corsica. There is no doubt that the shaved head corresponds to Bonaparte's nickname of '*le petit tondu*'—the shaveling. And if one remembers that the Brumaire *coup d'état* took place in November, 1799, the period of Napoleon's 'tyranny' comes up to exactly fourteen years. The last quatrain presumably refers to Waterloo.

Among Nostradamus's quatrains there are many predictions that have not come true in the past but that an imaginative reader will find amusement in applying to modern times. There are a few lines which are strangely close to the German situation. For example,

In Germany shall divers sects arise,
Coming very near the happy Paganism.

Or:

Brothers and sisters shall be made slaves in divers places,
They shall go in heaviness, witness their Chins, Forehead and Nose.

The last phrase might be a reference to the racial persecutions in Germany.

The Nostradamus fans have pointed with glee to the following stanza as a masterpiece of prediction, and it does have a vague reference to Edward VIII's abdication:—

A King shall be troubled by the answer of a lady,
The great one, being double in mind, shall counterfeit his Brother.

There is a mention of the Axis:—

One day the two great Masters shall be friends,
Their great power shall be increased.

and what seems to be a particularly shrewd analysis of French-British relations:—

The Lion and the Cock shall not agree very well together
Shall for fear help one another.

Another of Nostradamus's prophecies:—

Those of Riviere shall be in the medley
And shall deprive the entry of the great Gulf

might be interpreted in the light of the recent Italian claims and point to an invasion. At any rate, he definitely predicts an Italian conflict a year after an event, the description of which has an uncomfortably close resemblance to the Spanish war:—

One year before the Italian fight,
Germans, French, Spaniards for the Fort,
The school-house of the Common-wealth shall fall,
Where, except few, they shall be suffocated and dead.

In general, Nostradamus's predictions for the twentieth century bear a somewhat catastrophic character. He sees a king or a dictator set up over Europe whose capital will be in

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Avignon. And this will take place

In the year when Saturn will be conjunct with the sun in water.

Now, according to astrological computations, the sun and Saturn will enter the house of Cancer in 1944 and the house of Pisces in 1967—these two dates, then, are the ones to be watched for world-shaking changes.

Even more explicit is the sage about another catastrophic event—an invasion that will take place in October, 1999. At that time, he says,—

A great and terrible king will come
Assaulting Paris from the sky. . . .

His rather vague description of the invading host indicates that they will come from Asia—perhaps northern Siberia. They will speak a strange, non-Latin language and use reindeer! Around that time, Paris will be completely sacked:—

The great city will be desolate,
Not one of the inhabitants will remain there,
Walls, temples and virgins will be violated
Multitudes will die by fire, iron, cannon.

Nostradamus seems to have predicted the fate of the League of Nations in terms that are not lacking in humor:—

From Lake Leman sermons will come
First by days, then reduced to weeks
Then months, then years, then they all will fail
And magistrates will damn the futile laws.

And here is a tidbit that has to do with our own immediate future:—

From Rhine and Hitler will come cries
And there will be tears in Malta and the Ligurian coast.

Unluckily, the nature of these cries, from the Rhine and Hitler, and which will be supplemented by tears in Malta and Liguria, remains rather obscure. But, at least, the name of Hitler is pronounced. One can also find that of Franco:—

From Castel, Franco will issue the assembly.

Another prediction of the Nationalist victory!

The optimistic reader, disheartened by the prowess of the Fascist States, might find some comfort in the following prediction:—

The Roman power shall be quite put down,
His great neighbor shall follow his steps,
Secret and civil hatreds and quarrels.
Shall stop the Buffons' folly.

This is a hope that has been often and fervently expressed in the columns of the democratic press.

III. Swords of the Samurai

By Kunetsugu Makita

From the *Pulse of Japan*, Pamphlet Published by the Tokyo Information Service

ONLY a very limited number of Japanese swords were used in the Sino-Japanese War, Russo-Japanese War and in the Battle of Tsingtao in the World War. Since the Manchurian Incident, however, there has

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been an increasing demand by a certain section of the public for a wider use of, and due regard for, the Japanese sword. And the current hostilities with China have given it a chance to prove its usefulness in modern warfare. The number of swords that have undergone repairs on the battlefield since last September up to the present totals no less than 20,000.

This great demand for Japanese swords must be attributed, first of all, to the change in the art of warfare. The Japanese sword is an ideal weapon. It can mow down the enemy left and right with the quickness of a flash of lightning. It is especially useful for dispatching enemy remnants in the *tochka*. There is, however, much room for research and improvement with regard to its shape, length and weight. It was the field investigation of these qualities in actual use that occupied what little leisure I had while traveling in the war zones as Special Technical Adviser to the Sword Repairs Squad.

Our party consisted of swordsmiths, sharpeners, sheath-makers, metal-fitters and decorators, all skilled technical experts. When repair work was completed for the soldiers of Garrison A, we would move on to Garrison B, then further on to a third occupied position. We had a busy time, indeed.

With the news of our arrival, the shanty temporarily set up for the sword-repair work would turn in no time into enormous piles of swords. Some would have shattered sheaths, some loosened hilt-protectors, and others, bent guards. The swords themselves, when drawn, presented a varied spectacle; ancient swords, new swords, swords that were made only for practical purposes and swords that were works of art, products of famous sword smitheries. I was amazed at the great variety and felt as if I had been to an exhibition of Japanese swords. And in them all was felt the spirit of the samurai tradition with which fathers and wives had handed to departing soldiers their family-treasured swords. The high spirit shown in the upright carriage and steady step of a soldier as he left the shanty after having had his sword repaired was becoming to a true samurai. For each sword embodied some heroic feat and the unbroken blade symbolized the spiritual strength of the wearer.

II

The Chinese sword has something in it that suggests the make-up of a Chinese. Its bluntness is universally notorious and is particularly conspicuous in comparison with the sharpness of the Japanese sword. I had an opportunity to examine captured Chinese swords. They were so varied as to their shape and size that it was difficult to deduce from them anything like a common type. There is a great variety of makes in the modern arms used by the Chinese army—Czecho-Slovakian makes, English makes, American makes, Soviet makes, etc. In the same way there seems to be an infinite variety of native Chinese swords which remind one somehow of the Chinese history of civil wars.

The Japanese swords, on the other hand, are fairly standardized. There are, it is true, old swords and new swords, but they all seem to be in close neighborhood of the standard length of 2 feet 4 inches, and have the same degree of curvature. We must recognize, however, that the Chinese swords are showing a tendency to

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approach the Japanese type. It seems that the Chinese have come to feel the unfitness of their traditional weapons and learned to improve them from actual war experience. The necessity of improvement applies also to the Japanese sword in view of the technique of modern warfare.

During the past sixty odd years since the enforcement of the Sword-Wearing Abolition Act in the third year of Meiji (1870), some Japanese have forgotten that they are in possession of traditional swords which are a truly incomparable creation. They have slighted the traditional technique of their manufacture and use.

For the technical skill in the manufacture of the blade and other and less important parts such as the sheath is not an easy art to master in a short space of time. True, there are still in existence a number of families where the secret of sword smithery has been handed down to the present generation. But how many such swordsmiths, one wonders, can grasp the true significance of their family-transmitted art? Even if they could, would they be able to manufacture swords as prescribed in the secret formula? It is very doubtful if there are a handful of such artisans in the whole country.

An officer who was in active service on the Shanghai front told me that in the engagements there which were carried on in swamps and creeks, the swords were apt to be immersed in water, and as a result the blades got rusted very badly. This account provides subject for serious consideration. For, if a sword is made and fixed properly according to the traditional formula, water cannot possibly leak into the sheath to wet the blade. It must be that some swords are made in a crude and unorthodox fashion and their hilts are not fixed properly; then water will get in through this crevice and cause the rusting of the blade.

What should be the proper shape, the proper weight and length of a sword that may serve as a suitable weapon in modern war? These are the important subjects for research which it is our urgent duty to investigate. Needless to say, it must be accompanied by an assiduous practice in the art of Japanese fencing and also by the cultivation of the Japanese spirit.

There has been manifest abroad in recent years a marked tendency to study the Japanese sword. Even if the Westerner succeeds in technically imitating it, it will be impossible to imitate what it symbolizes—the spirit of Japan.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

A SOCIOLOGICAL phenomenon has developed during the past century in the United States, which in all probability will influence the future course of this country most profoundly. Nothing less has happened than a radical change in the composition of our population. Until about the time of the Civil War, men and women over sixty years old made up only about one-twentieth of the national population, but today, because of the increase in longevity, the proportion amounts to as much as one-tenth, and in the very near future—perhaps in a decade—will reach one-seventh. The problems which these statistical facts, presented at the recent convention of the American Orthopsychiatric Association in New York, raise will soon occupy the attention of the various politico-economic sciences, not to speak of the natural sciences, such as medicine and psychopathology.

Obviously, industry will have to become more hospitable to men over forty, or else the government will have to provide for those among them who cannot take care of themselves. As matters stand today, men in the fifties and sixties who have no means of support must resort to some form of private or semi-public charity, a prospect that has driven those approaching that age period into serious psychological tensions. For men, and even more for women, in the fifth and sixth decades of their lives, the problems of adjustment, under pleasant as well as under straitened economic conditions, are grave enough, but hitherto they have had to struggle with them more or less separately, while now, so to speak, they will have a mass movement behind them. If one cannot indict a whole nation, neither can one ignore the needs of a tenth or a seventh of a nation without threatening the very existence of the entire commonwealth.

The progressive increase in the number of the so-called aged will no doubt have enormous influence in the arts. If older people tend to be calmer and more philosophical than younger ones, then the popular novels and plays of the future will probably have to deal more with the great problems of good and evil, love and hate, compassion and antipathy than with those of passing flirtations and stray grudges. Perhaps the era of the Kathleen Norrises and Peter B. Kynes will soon come to an end to be supplanted—by whom? Perhaps the frothy women's magazines of large circulations will give way to slightly more sedate and more nostalgic periodicals. Perhaps serious magazines and books will achieve a popularity they never dreamed of. Precisely what will happen no one can say, but that a new political economy as well as a new system of values will rule the future cannot be denied by anyone.

AS HAS often happened before, the general public has shown far more understanding of the problems involved in the change in population make-up than the professional economists. A survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion reveals that 94 per cent of the people believe in pensions,

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and that far more than 50 per cent express a willingness to pay sales and additional income taxes to provide for the pensions. Most men and women, it seems, either do not approve of the various pension schemes—the Townsend Plan, the General Welfare Act, the California 'ham-and-eggs-for-everybody' plan—or they do not fully comprehend them, but they think that these plans are 'in the right direction.'

Unfortunately, much less wisdom was shown by a group of university economists who testified before the House Ways and Means Committee. They sneered at the various pension schemes, as perhaps they should have, but not one of them displayed the realization that a pressing problem faces the country in view of the increase in the number of aged. One of them contended that pensions would penalize the thrifty and encourage slothfulness. This argument has the same validity as the belief entertained in certain circles years ago, when public parks first came into being, that the low-income men and women would instantly move out of their apartments and squat in Central Park, the Yosemite Valley Reservation and so on.

SENATOR WAGNER'S National Health Bill, introduced in the Senate, calls for the expenditure of about $500,000,000 during the years 1940–1942, a large part of this sum to be allocated to the states for their local public health needs. The chances of its final passage seem good, in view of the educational campaign by the New Deal during the last six years, pointing out the enormous economic waste that unnecessary ill health and death from preventable diseases has caused the nation. Precise figures on this score, obtained from official public sources, have been published in this department from time to time, and one would think that they would have brought calmness to the agitation of the opposition. But apparently the more rugged of American industrialists need more time to learn ordinary facts than many of their more reasonable colleagues.

A letter released by the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government, with Frank E. Gannett, chairman, betrays a strange ferocity and deplorable bad taste. It claims that Senator Wagner's bill would in the end 'undermine and drive out of existence all private and church hospitals and the private practice of medicine,' whereas the bill fully protects such hospitals and, of course, in no way proposes the abolition of private medicine. The letter further implies that the Senator's bill—and, by implication, the Senator himself—would in some mysterious way, in the distant future, bring upon this country a régime of both Fascism and Communism. Such an argument does little honor to the good sense of Mr. Gannett's committee. If public medical clinics, supported partly by Federal funds and partly by state funds, constitute Fascism or Communism, then so do Federal roads.

SCIENCE, unfortunately, does not always practice the objectivity and high-mindedness it professes, as the charges and counter-charges made by the learned of the Allied and Central Powers during the World War prove, and as the abject servility of the anthropologists, physicists, chemists and physicians in the totalitarian States

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have shown. American scientists have not been immune to this plague that strikes their domain of endeavor every now and then, but lately they have shown a concern for the integrity of their professions and their rôles in communal life that commands respect. Realizing that absolute freedom of research can flourish only in democracies, they have generally expressed themselves more and more openly against totalitarianism, as witness the speeches by such men as Professor Edwin Grant Conklin, Dean Christian Gauss, Dr. Roscoe Pound and Dr. James Rowland Angell.

But the one who has probably done more than anybody else to dramatize the opposition of science to the authoritarian idea is Professor Percy W. Bridgman of Harvard, known the world over for his researches in the realm of physics. Hereafter, he has announced, he will not permit visitors from totalitarian nations in his laboratories on this ground: 'Cessation of scientific intercourse with the totalitarian States serves the double purpose of making more difficult the misuse of scientific information by these States and of giving the individual an opportunity to express his abhorrence of their practices.'

No decent, rational person can find fault with such a stand. Scientists who employ their knowledge to vitiate the principles of their calling, as in Germany and Italy, and to some extent in Russia, have no right to avail themselves of the findings by their colleagues in countries where free research still prevails. Why encourage the enemies of democracy and the traitors to independent thinking?

SPEAKERS at the last meeting of the National Piano Manufacturers Association held in New York revealed that music has made considerable progress in the United States during the past generation. Radio programs have so improved that one can hear a good concert, on the major networks, nearly any hour of the day or night, and the number of symphony orchestras continues to increase. The nation can now boast more than 2,000 major symphonic organizations, whereas twenty years ago we had less than thirty. The sale of pianos, true enough, dropped last year by about 15 per cent, but the marked revival of instruction in the instrument leads to the belief that before long the piano will form as necessary a part of family life as heretofore. Finally, the persecutions in Europe have brought to our shores so many fine orchestral, instrumental and vocal artists, that the public, by the sheer fact of reading about them in the newspapers, has evinced a new interest in the musical art. Who knows but that these developments will yet bring forth upon this continent a school of composers who will write in the grand manner?

FEARING for their lives, the railroads have resorted to almost every method to assure for themselves continued existence. Lately they seem to have inspired a campaign for a raid upon the public purse that must be considered a masterpiece of brazenness. A great many of them have indirectly given their blessings to the so-called von Stein plan, which first appeared in the *Savings Bank Journal*. The plan holds that 'the termites,' that is, the states, 'along the right of way [are] continuously sapping [the roads'] income,' to the extent of

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$256,000,000 in taxes a year. It proposes that there be 'set up the legal fiction that the right of way should be considered as Federal property and permitted to be operated tax free in the interests of interstate commerce.' In other words, it calls upon the hard-pressed states as well as the Federal government to give the railroads an annual relief check of more than a quarter of a billion dollars. Considering the fact that the roads have enjoyed subsidies, grants, and 'loans' from the government for some fifty years, and further swindled the public to the tune of billions, one can only gasp in amazement at their new plea that hereafter they become the acknowledged kept industry of the nation. What is there in the railroad business that continues to keep its morality on so low a plane?

THE American people spent more money ($846,000) for documents printed by the Federal government in 1938 than in any previous year, according to a report by Public Printer Giegengack. During the past year the Government Printing Office published more than 117,000,000 documents for the various departments, ranging from very technical reports to such popular and highly useful pamphlets as the one on 'Infant Care,' perhaps the best guide-book for the care of young children in any language, and which probably has done more to save young lives, especially among the poor, than any other single agency.

One hopes that more and more people will avail themselves of the service of the Government Printing Office. Its publications can be obtained free or for very little expense, and the bulk of them contain facts the widespread knowledge of which would do much toward quieting dissension on political issues. There would be far less disagreement on major social measures—certainly less fierce argumentation—if people really knew what they were talking about, and no better and more reliable source exists for getting information than the publishing house supported by public money.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

New English Proverb

Si vis pacem, para pluie!
—*De Kleine Krant*, Amsterdam

It's Still Spaghetti

We have again noted the oft deplored persistence in the substitution of the word *Capo* (Head) for the title *Duce*.

The word *Duce* cannot be replaced by any other because it alone defines the Man and designates the character of a Revolution and of a civilization.

In fact, Mussolini is not the *Capo;* he is the *Duce*. He does not merely preside over the nation's Government: he commands, guides, animates the Fascist people through his genius and his will.

The word *Duce* was invested with immediate historic import from the moment his spirit gave forth the first spark of Revolution; Mussolini has been consecrated *Duce* by universal gratitude for the new civilization which he has created, the new civilization which dominates our century and which will grow to ever more gigantic proportions in the future.

Not *Capo: Duce!*
—Italian Government communiqué

Deny Me Not!

M. Bonnet has just constructed on the Quai d'Orsay a factory for the wholesale production of denials. We were the first to be shown through the imposing building. 'Here,' said the Minister, 'is the construction and polishing department. The equipment is ultra-modern. Here the denials are filtered, trimmed, cleaned, subjected to different reactions, tested and put into circulation.'

The Minister was good enough to give us figures. 'For the following year,' he said, 'we expect to put out 2,700 denials and 1,200 humbugs. By the first of April we will have issued 450 denials, 106 disavowals and 82 retractions. A great part of these will be used for export.'

His eyes lighted up as he showed us one of his pet corrections. 'Hitherto,' he said, 'they used a small, primitive type of denial, lacking in artistic value. I have improved upon it. I am now in the process of preparing a denial of a repudiation of a retraction of a point of error.'

—Alexandre Breffort in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Ersatz?

An addition to the collection of Göring stories: 'The Field Marshal has got a new uniform—of cellophane.' 'Why?' 'Oh, he wants to show Germany the first bit of fat on view since the Four-Year Plan was launched.'

—Polycritic in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Appropriate Gifts

A committee has been formed in Geneva to present suitable gifts to leading European statesmen on their respective birthdays. Chamberlain will receive a subscription to the International Sleeping Car Company, and Mussolini a telescope so that he can see Corsica and Tunis better. Hitler will get . . . nothing, because he has already taken too much in advance.

—*Vrijheid, Arbeid, Brood*, Amsterdam

The Bumps Come Later!

In England there is a new dance called the 'Chamberlain' which is danced with a small umbrella. In France, we are evolving the 'Daladierine,' a lively dance full of unexpected volte-faces and with the body bent to the right.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Ideological Cows

The following set of political definitions is now gaining currency in London:

Socialism: You have two cows. You give one to your neighbor.

Fascism: You have two cows. You give both to the Government. The Government gives you part of the milk.

Nazism: You keep the cows and give the milk to the Government. The Government sells part of it to you.

Communism: The Government shoots you and keeps both cows.

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New Dealism: The Government shoots one cow, milks the other and pours the milk down the drain.

'*Whitehallism*' is also included in the list. The Ministry of Agriculture's attitude is said to be: 'You have two cows. The Milk Board says this is too few to count.'

—Peterborough in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Make Up Your Mind, Adolf

On the whole, German economy is constructed in such a manner that it can stand on its own feet and be completely independent of other countries at all times; in this it has succeeded. It may already be said that the idea of a blockade of Germany can be buried as a completely ineffective weapon.

—Hitler at the Nuremberg Congress, 1938

Present conditions make it impossible for Germany to remove herself from world economy. They force us to participate in it under all circumstances.

—Hitler before the German Reichstag, 1939

Provided . . .

According to newspaper reports, trade negotiations will be opened shortly between Berlin and Moscow. One of the conditions, of course, will be that Russia will join the anti-Comintern Pact.

—*Haagsche Post*

Orange Bitters

Germany considers the Arabs 'Honorary Aryans.' For that reason, the Arab exporters of oranges are paid in so-called 'Aryan Orange Marks,' which may be used without any limitation for the purchase of German goods exported to Palestine. Jewish exporters, however, must be satisfied with 'Non-Aryan Orange Marks,' which can only be used for paying freight for goods going to northwestern Europe aboard German ships.

—*Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm

That Upswept Look

The hostilities' heavy hand is raised against long hair styles for men, according to Mr. Shinji Okubo, principal of the Meiji Barber School. The preferred alternative is the military haircut, more correctly called a shave, and the combined influence of the hostilities and the Hitler Youths' visit is leading Japanese men to the sacrifice in increasing numbers, he says.

'If they insist on wearing their hair long, they simply must use pomade to keep it out of their eyes and ears and avoid the Socialist look,' he explained. 'But pomade is the problem. The oil which formerly formed its base is being used now for airplane engines. Pomade manufacturers have to buy it in its filthy state, drained from the crankcase, refine it and add quantities of perfume to blot out the disagreeable smell. Fortunately, the Oriental nose isn't so sharp as the Occidental, so we can always satisfy the customer by adding an extra dose of eau de cologne if necessary.'

—*Japan Advertiser*, Kobe

Looking Ahead

An advertisement from the *Tribuna* of Rome is an interesting comment on Italian aspirations in the Mediterranean and on propaganda methods. The subscription rates for the paper are the same for 'Italy and her possessions, Italian Africa, Tunis, Nice, Corsica and Malta,' while another, higher, scale is applied to subscriptions from 'abroad.'

—*Petit Niçois*, Nice

Three Guesses

Werner Fink, who recently was deposed and ousted from the Reich Chamber of Culture, was one of the best known and wittiest of the German cabaret entertainers. One of the stories which has probably helped to bring about his downfall is this:—

Fink said to his audience: 'Today I have a nice puzzle for you. Do you know the name of a famous man who looks like a pure Aryan, is a pure Aryan, and is very intelligent besides? It starts with "*Goe.*"'

Immediately someone shouted 'Goebbels!' Whereupon Fink remarked calmly: 'I spoke of a man who looks like a pure Aryan.'

Then, another man shouted 'Göring!' Fink answered: 'The man is supposed to be very intelligent.'

Since no one else made a suggestion, Fink said reproachfully: 'I really believe that the German people have been neglecting their education, or they would have easily guessed whom I mean. I was thinking of Goethe.'

It is reported that Fink has since been sent to exercise his humor as simple laborer on the Western fortifications.

—*Weltwoche*, Zurich

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Spain's Salvaged Treasures

From the *Times*, London

IF ANYTHING could be said to deepen the tragedy of Spain, it is the richness and beauty of the setting in which it was played. As the tide of war moved across the Peninsula, one historic monument after another, hitherto starred only in the tourist's guidebook, was marked down as an objective on the general's map. Yet the Spaniards on both sides, though such implacable enemies of one another, were not indifferent to this threat to their common heritage. Iconoclasm as such is no part of the political philosophy of either camp, and indeed it is one of the bitter ironies of the war that the attempts, often doomed to failure, to preserve the evidences of the Spanish genius of the past do not inspire the combatants to make sacrifices for the unity of present-day Spain. Sir Frederic Kenyon, in the autumn of 1937, brought back an encouraging report from the Republican side of scrupulous and intelligent efforts, under difficult conditions, to bestow in places of safety paintings and other works of art that were threatened by air bombardment. (See THE LIVING AGE, November, 1937.) More recently an official of the Victoria and Albert Museum described the praiseworthy work of General Franco's *Servicio de Defensa del Patrimônio Nacional Artistico*, which in some parts of Nationalist Spain is repairing damage done, and at Valladolid is planning additions and alterations to the National Museum of Sculpture.

Among the objects which were imperiled were some of the best pictures from the Prado, which made Madrid one of the chief art centers of the world. Early in the war the Republican authorities commendably removed the works of art assembled by the Junta Central del Tesoro Artistico to Valencia, and then, as the enemy advanced, to Barcelona. Later they were taken to the solidly built castle of Perelada and finally to Lavajol, only a few miles from the French frontier.

Now finally, the suggestion of the Catalan painter, Jose Maria Sert, to take them to Geneva, has been followed. An extensive collection has been salvaged under the greatest difficulties and the most precarious circumstances. All this was done under the supervision of an international Committee composed of representatives from the Rijksmuseum, the Metropolitain Museum, the British National and Tate Galleries, the Louvre and various Belgian and Swiss Museums. The necessary finance was provided by private generosity. There they have been placed into the hands of M. Avenol, the Secretary General of the League of Nations.

It is hoped to arrange an exhibition of the Spanish art treasures in Geneva and possibly also in other European capitals. An attempt is now being made to form another committee on the same lines as the first to undertake an inventory of the works saved, to make an examination of their condition and finally to arrange for their exhibition.

Until the cases have been opened it cannot be known with certainty what has been saved. Most of the best pictures from the Prado, with the exception of some too delicate to travel, appear to be at Geneva. There are said to be there some 350 Prado pictures, 16 from Escorial, 15 from the Academia de San Fernando. Besides these, there are many from the Palace at Madrid and a very large number from private collections and churches in and around Madrid. There is also a large collection of church furniture and of books and manuscripts from Madrid and Escorial, and 128 cases containing tapes-

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tries. Among these treasures is the Bible of St. Louis from Toledo, about which some anxiety has been felt in the past.

Those who know Spain best will feel convinced that when at last the war is over, the Prado will be reëstablished as a place of pilgrimage not only for the world's connoisseurs but for the ordinary Madrileños who will crowd on Sunday mornings (admission free) to delight in their beloved Velazquez, puzzling over his *Surrender of Breda* and laughing at his *Topers*, as of old. Displayed meanwhile at Geneva, the great paintings would be an earnest of the coming peace.

Author and Artist

THE vogue of the illustrated novel, in book form, has long since been done away with in the United States. That it continues in those magazines devoted to mass appeal is another matter having to do, primarily, with commercial entertainment; that is, the commercial illustration of purely commercial fiction. In the realm of literature, of which M. de Montherlant writes, the rôle of the illustrative artist is a far more difficult one, and too often is unsuccessfully filled. It would seem that only by rare accident could an interpretive artist and a writer merge their creative output so that the resulting work would be a cohesive whole, rather than conflicting impressions tending to confuse the reader. And there is the added difficulty that the illustrative artist must, by the very nature of his work, draw his inspiration not at first hand, but from the creative work of another. M. de Montherlant, writing in *Marianne*, Paris, believes he has twice found that happy combination. Unfortunately, few similar instances of present date in this country come to mind, for comparison.

'Some people think, or affect to think, that a writer has no business to have his works illustrated. They sneer at illustrations as if they were a sign of vulgarity, or an admission of weakness on the part of the author. I was once asked: "In all frankness, did you ever have a feeling of collaboration between any of your illustrators and yourself as a writer?" I answered that I had had that experience many times. More, this collaboration in one or two cases took the most unexpected form, when I was actually influenced by the illustrator. The illustration contributed to my writing or ideas something that had not occurred to me before.

'I would like to speak at length of Mariano Andreu, an artist not too widely known, but possessing a strange quality all his own, reminiscent of the Renaissance because of the universal character of his talent. He paints, sketches, models, chisels, enamels, makes décor, medals, frames, mirrors, works in wood, stone, gold and French prose. He is somewhat of a magician in his ability to give to everything that he touches the imprint of his enchantingly baroque imagination, which could best be described by the typically Spanish epithets like *bizarra*, *preciosa*, *encantadora*, etc. I love tenderly his lithographs for my *Encore un instant de bonheur*. They are mellow and incisive; his delicate, shadowy nudes are superlatively good drawing.

'One of the drawings illustrates a poem called *La Péri*, describing a ride through the desert. The poem itself does not contain any symbolic intention. Mariano Andreu shows the spirited mare in a headlong race, but the rider, veiled from head to foot, his hood falling over his face, sits his horse rigid, impassive and mysteriously immobile. I have pondered on this image, and it occurred to me that the furiously bolting horse was life, or creative work, or perhaps both at the same time, while the veiled rider represented the artist, the creator, who always remains mysterious, even when he seems to reveal himself in his work with the utmost abandon. Thus, an entirely new idea was born of the illustration.

'Another time an illustrator's conception of some characters in a novel of mine

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modified my own. There is divided opinion as to whether the hero of a novel should actually be given his personality by the illustrator, or whether the latter ought to confine himself to creating an atmosphere around the text. I myself prefer seeing my characters embodied in an illustration. As it happens, I do not have a strongly developed visual imagination. I read *Madame Bovary*, for example, without being able to visualize Emma. I therefore easily accept the artist's idea of her.

'For that reason, when F. M. Salvat, also a Catalonian, showed me the sketches of his future lithographs for my *Célibataires*, I felt very happy about them. Those spontaneous and powerful sketches animated my novel, in the strongest sense of the word. They revived it before my eyes, permitted me to savor it again without having to re-read it. My Élie de Coëtquidan, drawn in China ink, was just as I conceived and as I have always described him. On the other hand, I have never been able to visualize the actual appearance of his brother Octave, although I have described him several times. Salvat gave him shape and form, and a good one. In the case of another character, Léon de Coäntre, Salvat had gone beyond my description. I had described Léon as a short man, with a little beard. Salvat made him rather tall, and with just a mustache. Yet Léon de Coäntre, as seen by the illustrator, was much more himself than in the conception of his creator; his whole personality was expressed in the sad, drooping mustache, in his air of a good-natured, long-suffering dog. I liked him so well that way that in the next edition of the novel I did away with the little beard and small stature of the character.

'I think it only natural that a novelist should change part of his novel under the influence of the illustrator, just as a playwright must often modify some part of his play under the influence of the director. A work of art gleans life wherever it can, and when one artist aids another, one feels nearer to that unity of art which was the ideal of the Renaissance man.'

Ignacio Aguirre

By Josephine Volmer

From *Mexico Today*, Mexico City

FEW people who come in contact with Mexican art fail to be somewhat shocked by its apparent violence; few people who visit Mexico fail to remark the gentleness and dignity of the Mexican people. Why this apparent contradiction? Is it a pose on the part of the artist? Or is the gentleness a pose on the part of the people? If we examine the questions with a little care, perhaps we can reconcile the contradiction.

Despite his much-publicized heritage of violence, the average Mexican is a gay and amiable person. His temperament is as variable as a weathervane, but it is only when he is hard-pressed that he becomes completely ruthless. The artist, likewise, if he is sincere, almost inevitably becomes ruthlessly harsh in reaction against the exploitation and suffering of a people whom he knows to be essentially kind and peace-loving. The extent of his own sensitiveness is measured in terms of the violence of his reaction. Instead of being motivated by a pose or an innate love of the shocking, the artist becomes strident in his desire to make his audience see the truth. He has seen the disastrous effects of sentimentality and mysticism. He will therefore have nothing to do with anything that might be mistaken for these evils.

Occasionally, however, we find a Mexican painter, who states his love of his people in gentle and sympathetic terms, though unsentimentally. Ignacio Aguirre is one of those. His *The Call to Arms* catches the essence of the heroic and tragic rôle of the peasant at the dawn of the Revolution.

With a few sensitive lines Aguirre has shown us the weary but determined peas-

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ant assembling his pathetically inadequate equipment to go out and fight for land and liberty. He makes us understand that only deep desperation could force a man to leave his home and maturing crops, armed with an old rifle and a few rounds of ammunition, and go out on a campaign of which no one can foretell the outcome. No false sentimentality here, no bravado. The artist, by the compact simplicity of his composition states clearly how much of a unit are the man, the woman, the friendly old horse and the field of corn.

In another excellent lithograph, *Disinfection*, Aguirre gives play to Mexican humor at its diabolic best. In delicate lines and subtle shadings he presents the Mexican oil worker's position in relation to his foreign bosses. A flock of noxious insects having plagued him beyond endurance, the worker turns on them at last and 'Flits' them thoroughly. Nothing strident, nothing violent in the drawing, but no sugar-coating of picturesqueness either.

Aguirre has worked in fresco, in oils, in water color and in lithography. Because of his limited production, few people have had a chance to know or appreciate his work, which has received very high praise wherever it has been shown. It is unfortunate that he is not a more prolific artist. He has a genuine contribution to make in the future development of modern Mexican art—his ability to be sympathetic without becoming mawkish, to be grimly truthful without overstatement.

German Films

From the *Observer*, London

DURING 1938 only 95 full-length German films were released. Including several Austrian films produced since the Anschluss, this figure marks the lowest production for years.

In 1928 just before talkies came to deal a heavy blow to the international silent films, Germany turned out 224 films. The following statistics tell their tale of the decrease: 1932, 132; 1933, 121; 1934, 122; 1935, 94; 1936, 115; 1937, 94.

138 German films have been planned for the 1938–39 season. Since it came into power, the Nazi Government has deliberately organized the slowing down of film production in order to avoid an unwelcome inflation which might dislocate employment in the industry.

The Government has banned the double film program so that there are always enough films to go round. Cinemas run only two shows daily, except on Sundays. German movie-goers must sit through at least thirty minutes of preliminaries before they get the entertainment: there is commercial advertising, some Nazi propaganda, a feeble German newsreel, a compulsory educational film—perhaps a thrilling account of *How they make rope*—and, finally, the feature!

No wonder Germans prefer to sit in their comfortable cafés. Compared with England's 40 per cent, only 12 per cent of Germany's total population visit the cinema once weekly.

Film production is concentrated. Of the 95 screen works released last year 78 were from Ufa, Tobis, and Terra, the Big Three companies. The other 17 films were divided among five small concerns. About half of the films had non-German settings. Stories ranged through all European countries, through India, Africa, Australia, the United States, Mexico, and South America. This is because producers are afraid of stories dealing with dramatic conflict within the Third Reich.

With the Jewish elements gone, the German film industry is now rigidly controlled; its finances are strictly watched, and its work encouraged by the State. Like Soviet Russia, the Third Reich has a high opinion of the propaganda value of films. The Nazi censor gives special marks to good films. 'State, political, and artistically especially valuable' is the most sought-after honor.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Politics of Destruction

Die Revolution des Nihilismus. *By Hermann Rauschning. Zurich: Europa Verlag. 1939.*

(Elizabeth Wiskemann in the *Spectator*, London)

DR. RAUSCHNING has written a book of almost inestimable interest and importance. Nor is this a book addressed solely to specialized students of German and international affairs; for Dr. Rauschning makes evident that the essence of the National Socialist movement in Germany is nihilistic, that its driving force is destructiveness, a destructiveness which knows no frontiers and is therefore as much the concern of every American or Australian as it is of every Frenchman or of every Englishman.

Die Revolution des Nihilismus is the more remarkable in that it comes from a Prussian Conservative brought up in military circles. This cannot be brushed aside as the alien annoyance of some cosmopolitan writer or exiled Socialist; it is a verdict pronounced by a man with the intensely nationalistic background of an officer's son who became a farmer in the territory around Danzig, and, indignant with the results of Versailles and the policy of the Poles, gladly threw in his lot with National Socialism in 1931. He believed he had found in the movement a constructive patriotism which could bring about a German regeneration. In spite of his fine intellectual quality, he was chosen by the Danzig Nazis to be their leader for a time. This brought him into active collaboration with the Nazi chiefs of the Reich, and gave him direct administrative experience of National Socialism in operation, for he became the President of the Senate of Danzig, and as such the Free City's political head.

He was rapidly shocked by the crude brutality of the Nazis' police methods, by their anti-Semitism, and by their veto on his efforts to extend the commerce of slump-stricken Danzig with the U.S.S.R. Driven into exile, Dr. Rauschning set to work to analyze the alarming phenomena he had been compelled to study so closely, and his book thus offers an unusually comprehensive and convincing interpretation of the National Socialist movement.

THERE has been endless discussion as to whether the Nazis should be regarded as, in fact, nationalistic Socialists or whether they rather represent the forces of pre-War Pan-Germanism. Many of us are aware of the futility of the ubiquitous question, 'What will Hitler do next? Is he true to *Mein Kampf*, or sincere in his colonial claims?' Dr. Rauschning makes it clear that such ruminations are irrelevant, for step by step he reveals to his readers that Hitlerism spells negative and planless destruction, and that it can only continue to exist by continuing to destroy in any accessible direction. This nihilism has ended the reign of law and banished the Christian ethics in Germany itself; it has spread destruction across Austria and Czecho-Slovakia; until it is destroyed itself, it will spread destruction beyond the frontiers of Greater Germany, and, indeed, beyond Europe itself.

In a section called 'The Aims of National Socialism,' Dr. Rauschning shows that the Nazi leaders have one object alone, *i.e.*, to obtain and to keep power in their hands; in order to maintain themselves, they depend upon movement, and the only dynamics of which they are capable are those of destruction. As for the talk of nationalism and Socialism, the race theories, etc., these slogans are used to conceal a ruthless opportunism from the masses at home and from public opinion abroad. 'For conscious nihilists

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(*i.e.*, the Party élite) there are no real ideas. But sham ideas can be found to be suggested to the masses.'

Dr. Rauschning's analysis of Nazi foreign policy is perhaps the most brilliant portion of his book. The section entitled 'The Class Struggle between the Nations' emphasizes the dexterity with which Hitler has identified Germany with all the poorer nations of the world in resenting the prosperity of its more civilized communities. In championing the have-nots and their claims to self-determination, the new Germany has seized upon a world mission for itself in order to legitimize its own determination to dominate the world and wipe out self-determination. 'National Socialism,' writes Dr. Rauschning, 'is on its way to achieve this domination,' and one wonders whether Mr. Chamberlain could refute this carefully justified assertion. 'Only with the alliance between Germany and Italy did the sterile cry for (treaty) revision change into a realistic determination to achieve an entirely new order of things, a new partition of the world.'

Dr. Rauschning's account of his conversations with Hitler and Pilsudski in 1933 and 1934 is particularly interesting. It tells of Hitler's schemes for annexing half Europe, of his exhilaration after staging Germany's exit from Geneva. 'His leadership was bound to launch Germany upon a sea of endless revolutionary waves, in order that he should be able to assert himself. He deliberately led the nation into danger and difficulties in order to force it into a revolutionary course.'

Dr. Rauschning believes that this dæmonic fury will of necessity destroy itself, but the question remains how much more it will sweep to destruction at the same time. He regards Hitler's policy last September, blind as it seemed to be to the potential coalition of enemies, as having illustrated these contentions; he believes that the Führer invited destruction, and was saved only by the 'unintelligible indulgence of his opponents.' For his part, Dr. Rauschning believes the only solution for the world to lie in the determined restoration of the rule of law in place of the license of force. He regards domination as, in fact, *démodé*, and, like the American writer, Mr. Clarence Streit, he cries out for international federation at the expense of the bloated dimensions of the power of the sovereign State of today.

The chief criticism provoked by Dr. Rauschning's book is relatively unimportant, the objection that he contrasts the Germany of Hitler too sharply with that of William II. It is certainly to be hoped that this book will be translated into English very soon; for the English public it might need to be abridged.

From Time to Eternity

The New Immortality. *By J. W. Dunne. London: Faber & Faber. 1938.*

(C. E. M. Joad in the *London Mercury*, London)

With each successive book, Mr. Dunne's confidence grows and his claims expand. In this, his latest, philosophy is revolutionized, physics 'inverted' and the Victorian scientists, Eddington and Einstein, are collectively compassionated because 'they had not the use of the table' of which Mr. Dunne makes a present to his readers. Human immortality is 'proved' and a new and greater world described in which God will seek us, and the blind, finding God, will see. The truth of these assertions is not revealed to the eye of faith; it is proved—or so Mr. Dunne assures us—by the laws of logic. With the growth of confidence and claims there is also a certain advance in popularity. This book is not so difficult as its predecessors. It is written in a style of deliberate simplicity, much of it in dialogue form, and innocent but willing readers are introduced to ask Mr. Dunne just those questions which enable him to expound more lucidly, demonstrate more potently, remove objections more summarily. We hear, too, of addresses to Foyle Lunches, to the cast of *Time and the*

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Conways, and to the National Book Fair. . . . One chapter was televised 'with auditory accompaniment.'

The general effect of all this is somewhat intimidating, the reader being almost brow-beaten into acquiescence. Mr. Dunne's theories, he is made to feel, simply must be right, and not only right, but extremely important; otherwise they would not have received so much attention.

What are these theories that, one feels, one must accept? Here I find myself in a difficulty. I am not sure that I always understand them, and I find it impossible, in the space of a short review, to summarize even those parts that I do understand. Mention may, however, be made of two important conceptions.

The first may be called the abstracting conception. Let *A* be a piece of wood, and *B* a foot rule. Then what sort of information will *B* obtain in regard to *A*? Answer, *B* will obtain information in regard to a particular abstracted aspect of *A*, namely, its length, which Mr. Dunne calls *A.1*. The answer is generalized into the conception that, whenever of two real things one has knowledge of the other, that knowledge only relates to an abstracted aspect of the thing known.

Secondly, if there are three sequent events, the successive showing, for example, of a yellow light, a red and a green, that one of them which, at any given moment, we pronounce to be occurring 'now' will depend upon ourselves. It will depend, that is to say, upon the circumstance of its presentation to the 'sense-field' of our own consciousness as it moves through time. But the circumstance that we affirm of one of the lights that it is 'now' and therefore real, and of the other two that they are past and future and therefore unreal, a circumstance determined by factors private to ourselves, cannot have any effect upon the reality of the lights. This is generalized into the proposition that the present, past and future are all equally 'now' and all, therefore, equally real in real time, and the fact that we select one of them and call it 'now' and therefore real at any particular moment, is an arbitrary and subjective fact.

If we combine these two conceptions, we reach the result that the 'sense-field' of our consciousness, as it moves through time, is like the foot-rule *B*, in that it reports only upon a certain abstracted aspect of the reality it surveys, namely that which it calls 'now,' this aspect being determined for it by the intensity of conscious attention. A complication arises from the reflection that the measuring instrument, whether it be foot-rule or moving 'sense-field' of consciousness, is itself an abstraction—this, by the way, is what Eddington and Einstein 'fail to appreciate.' There is a further argument to show that in dreams the limitation imposed upon reality by the abstracting instrument of our waking consciousness is removed, and that we then obtain an unlimited view of reality.

Whereas in waking life consciousness abstracts a particular 'now' aspect from reality, as the foot-rule abstracts the characteristic of length from what *it* measures, dream consciousness is an experiencing of the elements of reality as they in fact are. These elements we can combine and blend at will. Hence one of the characteristics of the unlimited view, which is the dream view, is the freedom of experience which it confers upon the dreamer. In waking life—I am using Mr. Dunne's own analogy—one has been like a pianist whose activity is limited to moving one finger at a time along a keyboard, from base to treble; as a dreamer, one blends notes into chords and combines and recombines them at will. But since the dreamer's mind is 'trained to a waking life,' he misuses his new opportunities, his attention flickers wildly, as he dreams of past and future, without order or system.

Immortality is a dream from which one never wakes, but in which, just because one never wakes, one loses the habits of

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waking consciousness, and the unfettered mind begins to blend and combine the elements of experience according to recognized purposes and values. For example, a world of experience built entirely to suit one's own experience would be inexpressibly boring; everything in it would occur at one's pleasure, but since one had caused it so to occur, it would fail to please. So one must do one's world-building in coöperation with others, and one gets a picture of immortality in which spirits coöperate to enjoy precisely those experiences which they would most wish to have.

It is an optimistic view. The future, it seems, is like heaven, if heaven may be defined as a place in which one has only those experiences one desires. Unfortunately, it is only in heaven that Mr. Dunne's doctrine seems to me to be true; he has failed to convince one reader, at any rate, that it is true on earth.

Penned in Prison

Prison Anthology. *By Reginald Reynolds and A. G. Stock. London: Jarrolds. 1939.*

(R. M. Fox in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

NOW that prison reform is enjoying its periodical airing—much as a prisoner is conducted from his cell to the exercise yard—I would like to urge the restoration of a right which earlier prison reformers have taken away from English convicts. In the old, unreformed prisons, prisoners had full liberty to write down their thoughts and, in the past, they have contributed their share to the literature of the world. But in our modern, well-regulated prisons that privilege is denied.

Students of the period of repression following the Napoleonic wars—a period which greatly resembles our own time—will recall the activities of Richard Carlile who helped to win the freedom of the press. He spent much time in gaol for selling subversive literature, but this did not prevent him from adding to it there. He sat in his cell pouring out letters, denunciations and appeals. Sometimes these were framed as indictments of his judges, one was a scornful open letter to Queen Victoria. In any case these writings reached the public for which they were intended. And apparently it never occurred to his gaolers to put a stop to this. A prisoner was then allowed to have rights of expression.

Now a prisoner is restricted to his periodical prison letter in which he is not permitted to discuss prison affairs or public matters. As a Prison Governor informed me, when objecting to one of my letters, these letters are granted for the sole purpose of enabling a prisoner to keep in touch with his 'respectable friends.' My crime was that I had written one or two verses on the prison notepaper of which—probably on grounds of metre—he disapproved. How far we have traveled from earlier days may be gauged from that excellent *Prison Anthology*—a collection of prison writings made by Reginald Reynolds and A. G. Stock, which shows how deeply indebted is the world to the men and women who used prison as a place and opportunity to cut, shape and polish their diamonds of thought. Poets, philosophers, novelists, historians have done some of their best work in gaol. Marco Polo, John Bunyan, Dostoievsky, Voltaire, Verlaine, O. Henry, Ernst Toller, Cervantes, Roger Bacon are a few names taken at random from the host of prison stars that shine through the bars.

These men were all writers, artists of the pen. But others, who had never written a line before they entered prison, found inspiration in their wrongs or in the strength of their emotions. Solitude helped them to draw from their souls just those burning words which communicate their thoughts and feelings. Take the last letter of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, an almost illiterate Italian, who, with his friend Sacco, was a pitiful example of American injustice. Who would not be moved by his

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statement made before entering the electric chair?

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. . . . Our words, our lives, our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoe maker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.

It is quite likely that our efficient, discreet and silent prison system would have prevented that last cry of justification, of triumph—and of innocence. No doubt many statements and writings of value have been strangled in this way. Even more orthodox criminals may have something of value and interest to record. Sententious—and a little precious—though it may be, I like the outpouring of this tinker burglar:—

> My name is Paddy Quirke, I am a burglar; not a vulgar, venal sort of burglar, without a thought beyond easy money; but an earnest young burglar whose breast throbs with the noble ambition to raise burglary to a fine art. . . . Could any poet, though he dipped his pen in the blood of nightingales and inscribed his sonnets upon passion flower petals, lay claim to a more transcendental medium?

How Paddy Quirke managed to get this out of gaol is one of the secrets of his profession into which I do not intend to probe.

In modern times, American prison writers have left their British colleagues far behind. There is a well defined prison literature in America. I am not referring only to such books as Booth's *Stealing Through Life* or A. L. Jenning's *Through the Shadows With O. Henry*. There is also what might be called the correspondence course for beginners. American convicts may contribute to prison journals such as the *Sing Sing Bulletin*, the *San Quentin Magazine* or the *Texas Echo*. In British gaols, all such magazines are *sub rosa*, as was the case with a journal which I myself edited, and which passed from cell to cell.

I can speak with some authority on the practice in English gaols, for I have been in three. During my first two months in Wormwood Scrubs, I wrote a novel on the prison slate, rubbing it out as I went along. This helped to while away the tedium of my solitary confinement. But I will always feel that a masterpiece has been lost to the world. Later I patiently pricked out verses with a pin on brown lavatory paper until one day my poor substitutes for writing were discovered and confiscated. I petitioned the Home Office for writing materials, but, after about three months, I was informed in the best official manner that the Commissioners regretted that they could not accede to my request.

Now what possible objection can there be to a prisoner exercising his mind and his pen in gaol? Surely this is a form of mental and moral regeneration counteracting that stagnation which is one of the greatest dangers in prison. And, as things are, a prisoner who may be a modern Bunyan is sacrificed to ignorant Bumbledom. A barrier has been raised to any prison pilgrim's progress in the future.

For the benefit of the reader, no less than the prisoner, I urge that the practice of writing in gaol—so long an unquestioned right of prisoners—should be restored. This is a matter which the Pen Club or some similar body concerned with the things of the mind might take up, for unquestionably literature must have suffered enormously since prisoners have been forbidden to use their enforced leisure to add to the written word.

In these days of repression and uncertainty, we never know how long any of us will stay out of prison. Dictators may object to the color of our hair. So we should pay some attention to prison reform. Many of the proposals of these reformers leave me unmoved. I have no strong personal objection to solitary confinement, though I realize it has a very harmful and

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terrifying effect upon some prisoners. I have noticed, however, that prison conditions are definitely harmful to the warders who, as a class, are very morose. Besides having to stay in prison for life, these warders are compelled to think about the petty routine of prison continuously. It is a serious matter for them—a question of bread and butter. For most prisoners it is merely an irksome interlude.

The prisoner who is a reader or a writer can soon read or write himself beyond the four walls of his narow cell. All he wants is the right to write. To restore this ancient privilege which has been filched from him by reforming busybodies is a task of atonement awaiting prison reformers today.

Japanese Soldier's Diary

Wheat and Soldiers. *By Corporal Ashihei Hino. Tokyo: Kaizo Sha. 1938.*

(From the *Observer*, London)

THIS war diary of a Japanese soldier, *Wheat and Soldiers*, has achieved extraordinary popular success in Japan, sales approaching the figure of five million. The book is quite short and is sold at the price of one yen. The reasons for its popularity are not far to seek. It is the first realistic and warmly human picture of the war that has appeared in Japan.

The people, nearly all of whom have relatives or friends at the front, are quick to appreciate the difference between this true narrative of a soldier's life and the stiff, stereotyped reports of the war in which the Japanese are shown as always triumphantly waving flags from the walls of Chinese towns and as killing incredible numbers of Chinese with negligible losses of their own.

Hino's work, although much smaller in scope, has some of the naturalistic epic quality that won such world-wide popularity for Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

It has no trace of propaganda. It is neither pro-Japanese nor anti-Japanese, neither pro-war nor anti-war. It is simply the living record of what Mr. Hino and his comrades experienced and endured during the campaign last spring, which ended in the capture of the important railway junction of Hsuchow-fu.

The Japanese soldier appears in these pages neither as a legendary hero nor as a ravening wild beast, but as a credible human being, precipitated into war, which always brings out elements both of the heroic and of the bestial. There is no romantic aura about war as described by Mr. Hino; but a good deal of thirst, hunger and blistered feet from pitilessly long marches under the hot China sun.

The most striking passages deal with an episode of the campaign when Hino's unit was in an extremely difficult position, fired on from the walls of a Chinese town and shelled by Chinese artillery from the rear. Only the lack of initiative on the part of the Chinese troops (a fault that has often been noted by foreign military observers) saved the Japanese troops from annihilation.

Hino analyzes his own feelings during this fighting with great psychological frankness and permits himself one outburst which might have tried the patience of the Japanese censor.

> I was filled with rage at the sight of life being destroyed so carelessly. Every man has his future. Every man is someone's son. Many of the soldiers are husbands and fathers. I could not prevent this indignation against war in its entirety from welling up within my heart.

Hino was an author of some reputation before the war, and the winner of a literary prize. *Wheat and Soldiers* is to be adapted for the cinema.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

IN DEFENCE OF LETTERS. *By Georges Duhamel. New York: The Greystone Press. 1939. 248 pages. $2.75.*

THIS book brings to mind Somerset Maugham's excellent *The Summing Up*. It, too, deals with the writing craft primarily from the artist's point of view and abounds in shrewd observations and magnificent stretches of autobiographical honesty; it also contains a goodly portion of taffy, the only difference being that in Mr. Maugham's book the taffy comes near the end, while Dr. Duhamel, a member of the French Academy, gets it off his chest at the beginning. In the first few chapters he discusses the place of books in modern civilization, giving it as his firm conviction that they, an 'essential diet of the elect, the master minds, are going to play an ever diminishing rôle in the enlightenment and entertainment of the multitude.' The radio and the cinema, he says, now occupy more of the time of the common man than the printed word, and influence him so much more that very likely books in the not too distant future will become the treasure of an ineffectual clique.

This sort of reasoning has as much relation to probability as the centuries-old wail predicting the imminent death of the theatre and of polyphonic music, and the more recently heard complaint that the radio will replace newspapers. Dr. Duhamel gets himself into such a stew over this kind of tosh that he writes sentences whose oatmealiness have perhaps already given him uneasy moments. Two examples: 'I assert, or rather I repeat, that a system of culture from which meditation and choice are omitted is the exact negation of what we have hitherto called culture'; and 'I am fond of music, and I am prepared to defend it at all costs against traffickers, pimps and defilers.'

Having delivered himself of this blah, Dr. Duhamel plunges into a consideration of literary masters, the nature of talent and of genius, the place of character in art, the dangers of success, fictional models, political writing, originality and invention, always drawing from his own experiences and those of his friends, and always managing to say something very true, very good and very beautiful. Together with Mr. Maugham's book, his should be read by every practicing writer as well as by every young man and woman possessed by the indescribable magic of authorship, which still commands and perhaps forever will command the silent adoration of the lowly and mighty of this world.

Of Dr. Duhamel's artistic integrity there can be no question. His onslaught upon 'the virtuosi, tenors, acrobats (in safe jobs), performing dogs' in the writing domain burns with a homiletic fervor that will bring comfort to the lonely souls searching for the right sentence and the precise word, all the while ignoring the entreaties of the literary money-changers. So will his moving essay on character as distinguished from eccentricity, and his insistence that the writer, even more than anybody else, cannot get along without it. 'Character . . . informs all genius'; the lack of it stamps all mediocrity.

The following simple advice to the writer could hardly be improved: 'Live intensely for three months in order to write for three days and produce three pages.' Otherwise shoddy success will come, especially 'American success,' which Dr. Duhamel refers to as 'that monstrous phenomenon, brutal and unbridled as an assassination, which seizes a man, uproots him and tears him to pieces, then lets him fall to earth again, three-quarters dead, to rot and perish in obscurity.'

One hopes that Dr. Duhamel's book will have the wide reading it richly deserves, especially among beginning writers, for in the literary world one cheap immorality sometimes spells death.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE. *By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 236 pages. $1.75.*

IN CONCISE and workmanlike style, Mr. Armstrong, the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, gives here the immediate ponderables that led to the Munich Pact, and appends a factual analysis. This short volume closes with a helpful day-by-day chronology, extending from February 20 to October 8.

Perhaps the spirit and style generally of this historical summary are best reflected in

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Mr. Armstrong's cautious remark, early in his book, that 'it is not for an American to say that Englishmen or Frenchmen should die for causes which do not seem to them vital.' In this, of course, he is utterly correct but it is the correctness, you might say, of a white tie with tails. Mr. Armstrong is so scrupulously concerned with preserving the detached view of the professional historian that the reader only mildly interested in events abroad would scarcely gather that there was any question of international morals involved. Despite himself, however, he is finally brought to confess his feeling that Munich was not a pact of peace, but an armistice. Mr. Anthony Eden said as much, in the Commons, early last October.

Yet it is only fair to say of the author—who certainly writes with incision and accent—that he feels the facts in themselves are sufficiently damning, and that the literate reader may judge for himself. Perhaps it is carping to add that the value of this factual exposition might have been increased by an index.

—Lamar Middleton

The Defence of Democracy. *By F. Elwyn Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1938. 352 pages. $2.50.*

The Defence of Democracy is a warning addressed to the peoples of the 'Western' democracies, especially to patriotic Britons of all classes, not to permit timid or treacherous oligarchies to sacrifice their liberties and their interests at the behest of the Nazi-Fascist 'blackmail ring.' The author describes the machinery of intervention employed by Hitler and Mussolini to undermine the stability of States which might challenge the pretensions of 'new' Germany and 'rejuvenated' Italy. Not a State in Europe is free from intrigue, and but few States outside Europe have escaped the consequences of conspiracies, economic pressure, sabotage, even of terror and murder.

Mr. Jones neatly disposes of the hypocritical slogans of racialism and anti-Communism. With much effect, he drives home the point that even reactionary governments are suffering from Nazi-Fascist bullying and plotting. The aim of Hitler or Mussolini is not ideological; it is imperialist aggression.

The menace of Fascism is indeed terrifying, especially when reactionaries in democratic States prefer class to national interests and coöperate with foreign enemies, actively as did the *Cagoulards* in France, or, like the Cagou*lords* of Britain (the Cliveden set), passively, by adopting a policy of non-resistance to aggression. But Mr. Jones does not wish to frighten his readers into inactivity. He describes the heroic struggle waged inside Germany and Italy by the proponents of liberty, justice and peace, and calls upon all peoples to unite the democratic forces of the world. He correctly argues that the challenge of international lawlessness can be met only by collective security and by the realization that coöperation with the aggressor States is a snare and a delusion.

The book makes a powerful appeal to democratic peoples to resist the aggression of Nazism and Fascism. The argument is convincing and the basic conclusions justified. On these grounds the book deserves praise. But the publisher's claim that it is a 'scholarly' and 'completely documented' book I cannot share. The documentation is bad: books are cited in the footnotes without page references; primary sources, other than newspaper articles, are none too abundant; and many important statements are entirely unsupported. At times the author barely scratches the surface, as, for example, when he describes the Nazification of the German minorities in eastern Europe. A reading of the German minority press before and after 1933 would amaze even our author. A 'scholarly' book ought to have an index. Finally, there is really not very much in the book that is new, either in material or in interpretation.

—Oscar I. Janowsky

Power: A New Social Analysis. *By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1938. 315 pages. $3.00.*

BERTRAND RUSSELL, in his latest work, explores the social rather than the mathematical frontiers—on both of which, indeed, he seems equally at home. In *Power* he examines the various manifestations of what he deems the most fundamental concept in social science, just as energy is the basic principle of the physical sciences. How power originates and how it operates as the dynamic of social control, and how it may be tamed, are the major questions he analyzes. This brief analysis of the power-drive in men and groups may be com-

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pared with *The Prince* as a primer of politics—an antithesis to Machiavelli, out of which a synthesis of power-use in the liberal tradition may be derived.

Mr. Russell divides—as have many before him—the 'leaders' from the 'followers.' His interest is, in reality, in both, for it is only because the will to submit is widespread that leaders can exercise the various forms of power by which they dominate the masses. What he calls 'the impulse to power' is, he believes, not widespread, else Hobbes's concept of the state of nature—nasty, poor, brutish, and short—would be the natural condition of society. Since most of us are amenable to the persuasion of one or more of the various kinds of power, those endowed with the impulse to power are always able to succeed in controlling the society around them by manipulating one or another of its facets.

The various kinds of power exercised are, according to the author, physical power, power to dispense rewards and punishments as inducements to obey, power over opinion. These may, in turn, be traditional or newly acquired, in their characteristic manifestations, and be exercised by all sorts of élites—kings, the priestly class, the military caste, revolutionary groups, economic institutions, political parties, churches, schools, the press. Mr. Russell devotes about half his book to illustrative (rather than a searching) survey of the various uses of power by these groups. His account suffers here from the absence of sufficiently wide or comprehensive choice of illustrations of how the various kinds of power are manipulated by the different élites which he includes in his discussion. But his materials are illuminating and his comments suggestive of further exploration and appraisal on the part of the reader.

The last quarter of the book is concerned with the ethical aspects of the exercise of power in contemporary society. Here Mr. Russell's own philosophy—essentially that of a liberal—appears more explicitly. While there is nothing essentially new, there is much clarifying discussion of power and moral codes, variant power philosophies, the ethics and the taming of power. The book is popular and discursive in style, but it must be recognized that the author has brought one of the most trenchant and incisive minds of our time to bear on the basic issue confronting us today—whether the exercise of power can be directed toward ends wider than those of immediate personal or group gain. A passage or two from his final chapter will indicate the faith which animates a book as timely as it is significant.

'Both old-fashioned democracy and new-fashioned Marxism have aimed at the taming of power. The former failed because it was only political, the latter because it was only economic. Without a combination of both, nothing approaching to a solution of the problem is possible. . . . When we are liberated, we are able to realize more fully, through music or poetry, through history or science, through beauty or through pain, that the really valuable things in human life are individual, not such things as happen on a battlefield, or in the clash of politics, or in the regimented march of masses of men toward an externally imposed goal.'

—PHILLIPS BRADLEY

GERMANS IN THE CAMEROONS, 1884–1914: A CASE STUDY IN MODERN IMPERIALISM. *By Harry R. Rudin. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. 456 pages. $4.00.*

FRANCE OVERSEAS: A STUDY OF MODERN IMPERIALISM. *By Herbert Ingram Priestley. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. 463 pages. $5.00.*

APPEARING just as the problem of redistribution of colonies becomes acute, these timely treatises represent a stimulating contribution to the history of the imperialistic process. Professor Rudin's work, an exhaustive and penetrating study, will do much to enlighten the American public on the subject of pre-War German colonialism. His detailed analysis of the administration of the Cameroons leads him to the conclusion that, if German rule had continued, it would today compare favorably with that of any other colonial government. What would have happened after 1918 is any man's guess, but on the basis of the record as the author himself describes it, it is at least doubtful that German imperialism would have acquired exceptional laurels. Frankly designed for economic profit, the German régime in the Cameroons appears to have been neither better nor worse than that of the neighboring regions subject to British, French or Belgian control. The rather typical abuses of tropical colonial administration—economic exploitation, forced labor, demoralization through alcoholism, disease, cruelty and the impact of an alien civilization—were evi-

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dent here as elsewhere. To be sure, matters were improving under the impact of parliamentary criticism in Berlin, but the fact that a portion of the native population was on the verge of revolt in 1914 does not speak well for the end results of thirty years of German rule. Professor Rudin, moreover, makes short shrift of the fallacious German argument that the Cameroons were of importance to the Reich, either as a market or a source of raw materials. Whether intensive development under government control would now succeed in transforming the territory from an economic liability to an economic asset is a debatable question; but even if the answer were in the affirmative, it is arguable that the racial policy of the Third Reich would so hinder native progress that the colonies should not be returned on this ground alone.

It is perfectly clear, however, that in the contemporary wrangle over colonies considerations of prestige and strategy are far more important than purely economic issues. These factors are given full weight in *France Overseas*, an encyclopedic history of French colonial enterprises since the Napoleonic wars. Despite its faulty organization, the work contains a veritable mine of information on the French empire. The only generalization about it that may perhaps be made by a reviewer is that conditions in the many divisions of the far-flung French territories are far too disparate to permit of *any* generalization. Unfortunately the manuscript appears to have been completed many months ago, so that current problems arising from Franco-Italian rivalry are not stressed. Yet the basic political and social conditions in North Africa change but slowly; and these Dr. Priestley has depicted competently and in detail.

—David H. Popper

Betrayal in Central Europe. Austria and Czechoslovakia: The Fallen Bastions. *By G. E. R. Gedye. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1939. 498 pages. $3.50.*

ANYONE who is at all interested in current international affairs knows that the name 'Gedye' at the head of an article or on the title-page of a book guarantees a good story, a strongly-marked liberal political viewpoint, and a broad humanitarian outlook. This latest book of the chief of the *New York Times's* Bureau for Central and Southeastern Europe is no exception to the rule. *Betrayal in Central Europe* is replete with thrilling—and harrowing—eye-witness accounts of events in the post-War Danubian regions. No words are minced either in the recital of deeds of violence and trickery, or in assessing blame where the author thinks it is due. After describing some of the things that happened in Vienna after the Anschluss—the chapter is entitled 'Terror Unchained'—Mr. Gedye states that 'the whole drama is today being re-acted in the Sudeten areas;' and, he continues, 'this time you must not blame Hitler so much. He has three colleagues.' The reference is to the other three men who signed the agreement at Munich on September 30, 1938.

In the matter of the things Gedye says he saw, there is no need for comment. But with regard to his implied or stated suggestions for action on the part of the 'Western democracies,' one may question whether his long period of service in Central Europe may not have caused him to lose sight of some of the many factors and forces with which the British and French Prime Ministers, for example, must contend. The newspaperman's very closeness to the scene, or, better, to *a* scene, may well make it difficult for him to be patient with the 'appeasing' actions that responsible officials many miles away from any particular set of incidents may feel called upon to adopt. Perhaps the author is himself aware of this question of perspective, for, at one point in his narrative, he says: 'As I see things out here, after twenty years' experience in Germany and Central Europe—too long, you will say, to be able to realize what are the interests of the British people any longer. . . .' If this admission be proof that the newspaper correspondent is aware of his more limited perspective, it may, on the other hand, also indicate his belief that even greater troubles are in store if 'appeasement' continues to be the former Allies' policy with respect to Greater Germany. For, rightly or wrongly, he sees only little difference between Fascism and Chamberlainism.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

such. The reader feels inclined to ask why it seems necessary to deal publicly with this opposition if it is in reality so infinitesimal? [p. 151]

Professor Sauerbruch is one of the two most prominent German surgeons whose standing is such that they may occasionally risk an open word (the other is Professor Bier). The piece which we reprint under the title of 'Hands off Science!' is part of his speech given under the inconspicuous title of 'Man and Science,' before a general membership meeting of prominent iron and steel men. [p. 153]

Although most of our readers know to what extremes the Nazis have gone in excluding the Jews from all walks of life, they may find it interesting to read a chronological and systematic account of the measures taken against them from 1933 to 1939. [p. 154]

'HSIAO-HSIAO' is a strange short story by a popular Chinese author. It shows some of the profound psychological differences in the points of view of East and West. [p. 161]

SARKIS MEGHERIAN, who wrote on the 'New Ottoman Empire,' is an Armenian born in Constantinople. He says of himself that he has been 'soldier, merchant, journalist and a refugee most of the time.' [p. 168]

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